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VILIZATION.

n Lippincott's Magazine.)
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device as to challenge admiration from all who behold them, and to claim for their unknown builders equal consideration as a civilized and talented race with the builders of many of the most imposing monuments of the Old World.

QUAINT OLD HERRICK'S IDEA OF LENT.

Is this a fast to keepe
The larder leane
And cleane
From fat of veales and sheepe?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an houre,
Or ragged goe,
Or show
A downcast look and sowre?

No, 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheafe of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soule.

It is a fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent,
To starve thy sin,
Not bin,
And that's to keep thy Lent.

DEAN MANSEL.

[From the London Spectator.]

THE loss of a clear, vigorous, and acutely logical thinker, in the maturity of his intellectual powers, and with the apparent capacity of much good work still in him, is, in the present state of metaphysical science in England, of no light character. We cannot afford to lose—in times in which the tendencies of a pseudo-positivism both in mental and moral and in physical science are growing daily stronger and spreading wider—any thinker, whatever the specialities of his own opinions, who values philosophy for its own sake, even though philosophy in his hands must, if consistently dealt with, cease to be what it has been among the most brilliant speculators of both ancient and modern days. Whatever, therefore, we may think of the general tendencies and effect of the philosophy which the late Dean of St. Paul's did so much to propagate, we must deeply regret his sudden and too early removal from our midst. He was a man of, it may be, narrow but strong convictions. He was honest and fearless in working out his principles from his own point of view; and, with a nature keen rather than broad, but endowed with a faculty of acute discrimination and a power of patient, careful analysis, he labored earnestly and zealously to disseminate the particular opinions in philosophy which he had come to hold with the tenacity that was characteristic of him. It is certainly very much owing to him that the philosophy of Sir William Hamilton has come to prevail to such an extent as it does outside the country of its author. What was lacking to Hamilton as an expositor and as a consistent thinker Dean Mansel labored, and not ineffectually, to supply. The fragmentary condition in which the great logician left his works and the record of his views, the mere hints of suggestions for a system of philosophy which, in too many instances, were all he had prepared or set down in writing, demanded an expositor and commentator with powers similar and not far inferior to those of Hamilton himself. It is the distinctive work of Dean Mansel that he supplied much, at least, of what was wanting. He clothed the skeleton with flesh, and filled up many of the blanks and defects which remained, so as to present a scheme of thought consistent with itself and in its several parts. The influence which Dean Mansel, and Sir William Hamilton through him, came to exercise in Oxford and elsewhere in England is a sufficient proof of the truth of what we have said.

MADAME DE STAEL.

A COUNTRY girl, the daughter of a clergyman, had accidentally met with an English translation of "Delphine" and "Corinne," which so powerfully affected her, in her secluded life, as quite to turn her brain. And, hearing that Madame de Stael was in London, she wrote to her, offering to become her attendant or amanuensis. Madame de Stael's secretary, in a formal answer, declined the proposal. But her admirer was so intent on being in her service in some way that she came up to London and stayed a few days with a friend, who took her to the great novelist, and, speaking in French, gave a hint of the young girl's mind. Madame de Stael, with great promptitude and kindness, administered the only remedy that was likely to be effectual. The girl almost threw herself at her feet and earnestly begged to be received by her.

The Baroness very kindly but decidedly remonstrated with her on the folly of her desire. "You may think," she said, "it is an enviable lot to travel over Europe, and see all that is most beautiful and distinguished in the world; but the joys of home are more solid—domestic life affords more permanent happiness than any fame can give. You have a father; I have none. You have a home; I was led to travel because I was driven from home. Be content with your lot; if you knew mine, you would not desire it." With such admonitions she dismissed the petitioner. The cure was complete. The young woman returned to her father, became more steadily industrious, and, without ever speaking of her adventure with Madame de Stael, silently profited by it. She is now living a life of great respectability, and her friends consider that her cure was wrought by the only hand by which it could have been effected.—*Robinson's Diary.*

SPICE.

[THE *Commercial Bulletin*, having had the following epitaphs prepared *for itself*, warns all persons against using them on tombstones without its consent:]

Epitaph for a Liar—
In life, he lied while he had breath;
And, strange to say, *lies still* in death.
For an Angler.....Waiting for a rise.
For a Baker.....He kneads no more on this.
For a Betting Man.....Better off."
For a Brewer—
A well-known brewer lieth here;
His *ales* are o'er—he's "*on his liter*."
For a Waiter.....Only waiting."
For a Doctor.....Waiting with patients.
For a Beggar....I asked for bread, and they gave me a *stone*.
For a Bootblack.....With the *shining* ones.
For a Potter—
On earth he oft turned *clay* to delf,
But now he's *turned to clay* himself.
For a Razor Grinder.....Under *ground*.
For a Dressmaker....For the fashion of this world passeth away."
For a Musical Director—
In beating Time his life was passed,
But Time has beaten him at last.
For a Sailor.....Anchored;
For an Auctioneer.....Gone!
For a Watchmaker.....Stopped.
For a Barber.....Scent-a-head.
For a Wheelwright.....*Tired* of life.
For a Telegrapher.....Dispatched.
For a Scalemaker—
His *weight* were wars of pleasantness
In all life's fitful dream;
He struck a balance with the world,
And then—he kicked the beam.
For President Grant...."The *Sun* shall not smite thee by day."

A FEW SUGGESTIONS ABOUT THE BABY.

As for the baby, whatever rudimentary arts he may develop, he does not show the slightest possible glimpse of the development of moral sense. His notions of sleep are simply inordinate. His times for awakening are the small hours, when all conscientious babies are asleep. He then displays a capacity for yelling, which otherwise could hardly be expected from so minute an insect. At other times he reclines, sucking his thumb in dim yearning after a pipe, or dandling his fist in lively anticipation of life's coming struggles. A baby is generally born looking extremely old. One almost begins to speculate whether the Platonic theory of reminiscence may not be true, and whether this alleged baby may not be some extremely old gentleman who has acted rather badly in another sphere of existence, and has another mundane chance given him. Babies look awfully old and wrinkled when they are born. Sometimes they look ninety; but I have seen them look as young as eight-and-forty. In a few days they throw off the old existence, and are fairly embarked upon this real sea of human life, where they will have rocks and shoals and quicksands enough before they can come into any sort of haven. Yet there is something maddening about a baby. Boswell is reported to have once said to Dr. Johnson: "Sir, what would you do if you were shut up in a tower with a baby?" I forget what the response was. "Sir, you are a fool," I suppose, or something equally laconic and straightforward. The suggestion is an awful one, probably an impossible one; but still the dread idea recurs, "What would a man do if he were shut up alone with a baby?"—*London Society.*

The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

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The Independent

TIDINGS.

BY H. H.

EVER since
God my Prince
Appointed me sovereign to reign
In this country, I stand and wait
In my palace's outer gate,
To watch for his coming again.

Through the ways
Come His days,
Mounted messengers riding fast.
His glorious banners they bear,
Unfurling them wide in the air,
And enter my palace at last.

I entreat
Them with sweet
Hospitality, with such grace
As my little court can afford.
Never two are alike in word;
Never two are alike in face.

I am meek
When they speak:
I listen in silence and trust;
To their messages my assent
Is a speechless joy and content,
For my Prince is tender and just.

But they come
Sometimes dumb;
Stern and still before me they stand;
The scrolls which they bring are all sealed:
They leave them all unrevealed,
Uninterpreted in my hand.

By mute sign
They decline
All I give. They will not remain:
They seem like the heralds of foes;
But I know in the years that close
Their message the good will be plain.

So the Days
Through the ways
Mounted messengers ride and ride;
In my palace's outer gate
A humble sovereign I wait,
And my Prince's coming abide!

MR BEECHER'S "LIFE OF JESUS THE CHRIST."

BY JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, D.D., LL.D.

DR. ABSALOM PETERS once told me that, after listening to one of Dr. Lyman Beecher's grandest discourses, he asked him how long it had taken him to prepare that sermon. "Forty years" was the emphatic and most expressive answer. Happily for his generation, Mr. Beecher is not old enough to have had the discipline of forty years in his pulpit work; but it is not too much to say that he has been for fifty years maturing himself to write his life of Christ. He never could have so pictured the childhood of Jesus in that simple home at Nazareth, where, "except his mother's arms, there was no circle of light about his head," had he not known the sacred simplicity of that home at East Hampton, where "the beauty and dignity of motherhood" were again enshrined in that "sweet and noble woman" who, while performing the simple labors of the household," painted around the heads of her children a halo of faith and hope and of all-consecrating love that has never faded. Nor could he have given so lifelike a picture of the hill country of Nazareth, which he has never looked upon, had he not roamed the hills of Litchfield in his own musing and susceptible boyhood.

That which first impresses one in Mr. Beecher's book is the maturity of the work, both in its conception and in its execution. If any have expected to find in it rhetorical fancies struck out at extemporaneous heat, declamatory statements—the spontaneities of all his individual personal life"—projected from some fusing center of philosophy within, but not welded into logical consistency, they have yet to know Mr. Beecher through this book, as working by method upon a well-ordered scheme of thought, and with a deep philosophic purpose, to work one great, overmastering conception. He has neither thrown off his random thoughts nor strung together his best thoughts; but has brought all his powers, in the maturity of their strength, in the richness of their experience, and the largeness of their development, to produce a work that may fitly represent the labors and the results of his life. Hence there runs through the book a subdued and chastened tone, which at first may occasion surprise, possibly disappointment, but which will prove a lasting charm. In calmness, clearness, and strength his statement of reasons for writing a life of Christ, and of the methods and purpose of such a work, is a model of "introductory" disquisition. And the severity of style throughout the book and the prevailing conservatism of its tone upon speculative questions argue great power of self-restraint in the author; or, rather, these mark the restraining power of his subject. For the character of Christ is one of such unexampled and inapproachable grandeur that it must stand alone forever upon the simple pedestal reared for it at the first by the Four Evangelists. A Neander, a Prescott, a Bushnell, a Beecher may draw nigh to lay their garland at its feet; none dare climb to crown it, and none is worthy to have his own sketches of its features or history wrought as accessories in bas-relief at its base.

When I saw it announced that Mr. Beecher was preparing a life of Christ, I asked the question that was asked by nine of every ten readers of this article, "What need of another? Mr. Beecher's studies and mental processes have not led him much into the line of biblical or historical criticism; and, besides, the hostile critics—Strauss, Renan, the Tübingen School—have been beaten on their own ground. As to a consecutive biographical portraiture, 'Norwood' had demonstrated that the constructive faculty for a sustained work of art was not the highest gift of its author. Then as to a popular life of Christ, what need was there of doing that work again, when Mr. Lyman Abbott had just performed it so well?" But they who shared such thoughts as these will have learned from this book the folly of judging what a man can or cannot do by what he has not yet attempted; for whoever suggested to Mr. Beecher that he should write a life of Christ put him up to what he was most capable of doing, and has done most successfully.

There are several points of view from which a life of Christ might be written. One is the dryly biographical, where the aim is mainly to bring out in a connected form the incidents given by the Evangelists, with such comments as a purely historical spirit would suggest. This would give, for instance, Hase's life of Jesus. Another is the view of rationalistic criticism, the object of which is to account for so much of the life as can be accounted for without recourse to the supernatural, and to explain away or throw away the rest. This gives such lives as Strauss and Renan have produced. Another point is either the dogmatic, in which all that is said of Christ in the Gospels is assumed as the basis of a certain theoretic teaching; or the devout, in which, again, the facts are all assumed, and the character is worked up so as to affect devotional feeling. Mr. Beecher's method differs somewhat from all of these. He takes his stand "with those who accept the New Testament as a collection of veritable historical documents, with the record of miracles and with the train of spiritual phenomena, as of absolute and literal truth. The miraculous element constitutes the very nerve system of the Gospel. To withdraw it from credence is to leave the Gospel histories a mere shapeless mass of pulp." Mr. Beecher holds, also, the inspiration of the record—making it sure "that it teaches the truth concerning God, and contains no errors which can affect the essential truths taught, or which shall cloud the reason or sully the moral sense." But Mr. Beecher also lays down a doctrinal basis concerning Christ as essential to the interpretation of his life—the "pilot idea" by which the interpreter must be guided. "Every fact in the narrative will take its color and form from the philosophy around which it is grouped." Of course, this is not the method by which to convince a candid critic, much less a skeptic; and the doctrinal basis which Mr. Beecher adopts is far from being satisfactory or even tenable. It is that in the person of Jesus the Divine Spirit came into a human form, but without a human soul; or that "Jesus, a divine person, brought his nature into the human body and was subject to all its laws and conditions."

There is no space here to discuss this position. But, if THE INDEPENDENT will grant me another hearing, I propose to establish the following theses:

1. That Mr. Beecher is a *Patripassian*; or, more exactly, a *Patripassian Monarchian*.

2. That he is such in delightful unconsciousness of what it is to be a Patripassian, but fancies that he is "returning to the simple and more philosophical views of the Sacred Scriptures," when he is only reviving the philosophy which Tertullian finally exploded.

3. That his doctrinal basis is not only less of a novelty, but very much less of a heresy, than it was in the second and third centuries.

4. That his being a Patripassian does not seem to do any harm to him, or to his book, and is not likely to do harm to any one else!

5. That his textural criticism by which he attempts to support his doctrinal basis, is the weakest point—or, rather, is *the* weak point of the book.

All these several theses can and will be maintained; but, that the reader may judge whether they are maintained, he should at once possess himself of Mr. Beecher's book. He will find scattered through it a good deal of philosophy that is not derived from patristic sources; that is both sensible and is strongly put; a leaning toward Paul's trichotomy of human nature—not formally expressed, but very well applied to the doctrine of regeneration. He will find an admirable analysis of the Sermon on the Mount, and of the ethics of the Gospel, and a beautiful unfolding of the spiritual life from the lesson at Jacob's well. Mr. Beecher's method is to evolve the character of Christ by grouping together leading incidents or teachings which illustrate particular traits. He follows substantially the course of the "Gospel History Consolidated," lately published by Bagster, and he has evidently studied to good purpose the best authorities upon the geography and archæology of Palestine, and the manners, customs, and opinions of the Jews. But everything passes through his own sieve, and comes out with his own brand upon it. In this first part—where so many preliminaries of times, customs, opinions required to be settled—Mr. Beecher is much more the essayist than the orator, or even the biographer. It takes a good while to prepare the canvas and to draw the outline. We are eager for the expression and the filling in. He has already shown, however, with signal ability and success, that the character of Jesus was not the outgrowth of circumstances, but a development from within. In particular he argues from internal evidences that his character and opinions were not formed by the influence of Nature. In comparison with the Hebrew prophets and psalmists, "our Lord made almost no use of Nature, as such, in his thoughts and teachings." Perhaps Mr. Beecher pushes this argument a little too far; but, coming from one who has naively confessed how much more Nature had to do than books with his own college education, it is as remarkable as it is forcible.

In the Temptation Mr. Beecher wisely leans to the theory of a symbolic vision; but as wisely shrinks from the attempt to fathom a mystery in which "we find ourselves beyond our depth at the first step, and deep follows deep to the end."

One is impatient for the conclusion of this great work; for the author's final summing up of his own impressions and lessons from the transcendeat life which for years he has made a special study. Yet he has given us so much in the first part to stimulate our thoughts and to reward our study that we can be well occupied with this until the second shall appear.

The mechanical execution of the book leaves nothing to be desired. The paper and printing are excellent; the numerous illustrations are germane to the text, are executed with due regard to accuracy of representation and neatness of finish. Altogether, it is a book to be proud of as well as to be prized.

"THE UNITED HEAD."

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

EVERY time that the devout old minister, who "puts up" over Sunday at the devout old deacon's, devoutly summons Heaven's blessing, in the little parlor, upon the "united head of the family," there is probably, at least, one child in the room upon whose ears the rich, satiric effect of the expression falls with a significance which will last him a lifetime.

It is the burden of the most melancholy Jeremiah of "the sort who think that new truths may have been desirable once, but that we have had enough of them now"; that the *religious* superiority of woman is so unquestionable that it ought to content the seeker after "some new thing" in her possibly yet unfathomed capacities. For her intellect, perhaps, the less said the better. But when we come to her moral nature—room for the martyr! Bring your crown! The less sanctified nature of man bows before her. Is she not content? Behold her kingdom. Who could fill a loftier? Let her beware how she claims a secondary and inferior throne. By whatever quietus to their consciences how ready are men to yield her this domain! Scarcely can we detect in them a struggle or a twinge. The acknowledged distance of her standards of rectitude above their own appears to give them no more concern than that of Gabriel's!

It would be supposed that the result of this popular conviction of the superior power of the religious nature of woman would be an extensive if not a sweeping surrender of the popular avenues of religious influence into her hands. The logic, to say nothing of the justice, of such a surrender would be obvious to any disinterested spectator to whom we might suppose the customs of this world to be a novel study.

Leaving the supposition, let us consider the facts.

To begin with the grand old custom of returning audible thanks to God for the mercy of our daily food.

How many women do we know who "ask a blessing" at their own tables when a man is present? How many, indeed, who do not omit the act altogether when there is no man behind the platter?

Is there a shadow of a reason why a woman should not "say grace"?

We enter an orderly and cultivated dining room; a cultivated Christian woman presides at the table; it is more likely than not that her inferior in both these adjectives sits at the foot of the board, their listening, impressible children between them. Thrice three hundred and sixty-five times a year the man returns thanks to Providence for his mutton and his coffee and his buttered toast. Thrice three hundred and sixty-five times the woman mutely bows her head, with her mute children, in acknowledgment of her unfitness to perform this simple act. Three times a day those thoughtful children grow to understand that their father and their father only is the proper and capable representative of the family relations to the "Divine Mercy," which the monotonous language of a man upon whom devolves the necessity of thanking the Lord for his daily bread one thousand and ninety-five times a year is apt to render familiar to them.

That aged Christian woman ought to feel some sense of degradation in the eyes of her family who sits, in the absence of her husband, silent and thankless at her own table; yet who will call upon a boy of sixteen to perform this customary religious service—not because he is her guest, but because she is a woman, and because he will one day be a man.

Take another step. We are accustomed to ascribe, and justly, an influence of a very powerful kind to that institution which we call "family prayers." Here, again, twice a day the solitary voice of the father seeks from God the family blessing; twice a day the "voiceless" mother stifles the cry of her own motherly petitions in the sofa-cushions, or delegates them apathetically to her religion's vicegerent, content in seeking "God in him."

We can count on our fingers, or we cannot count at all, the women whom we know to be in the habit of sharing the duty of vocal prayer with their husbands, in the presence of their husbands and in the presence of their families.

It is true that the "angel of the house" is not always the woman of the house; and that the twilight hours, the tender words, the tremulous tones in which a father wrestles with God for the covenant of peace with his children sometimes strike chimes in their lives which only the harps of Heaven can outring. But alas! when the angel hides prisoned and dumb behind the mother's eyes! Alas! and alas! for that "family altar" at which ministers a father cold, exacting, selfish, ill-tempered, whose unreasonable and unreasoning rebuke is his children's constant terror, and whose Christian graces are their secret skepticism; and behind which the saintly calm and ripe, rich godliness of a strong motherly character crouch with sealed lips!

In the day when every Christian woman feels it her Christian duty to share with her husband the conduct of *all* the religious services of their home it is difficult to guess whether our present habits in these respects will strike the world in the retrospect as most unchristian or most absurd.

As in the family, so in the church. Mute in the prayer-meeting; voiceless and voteless in church government; as much of a child to the church as she is to the state; for nineteen hundred years "keeping the silence" imposed by Paul upon a few barbarian women of dubious character, whose "testimony" would have been a serious hindrance to the first tottering steps of Christianity; debarred by a mighty sweep of the masculine arm from her rightful and natural place in the pulpit—such is the use which has been made of the "superior religious nature" of woman.

Such is the remarkable distortion in the public mind, and so fixed has it become, that women now bid fair to become established in almost every other department of public and professional influences before they are in that of the Christian ministry.

I sat one Sabbath, not long ago, at an after-service meeting of "the members" of an Orthodox Congregational church. There were present twenty-seven sisters and—seven brothers. A question involving some interests important to the church organization was "put to vote." Seven men raised their seven right hands, with seven countenances of calm authority. Twenty-seven women, forbidden to lift so much as the tip of their kid-gloved fingers above the edge of the old box-pews, sat meek and bullotless. One woman, overpowered by the funny side of the scene, laughed. If she had risen to her feet, and then and there denounced the wrong, as well as the absurdity of it, she would have done a wiser thing. Women have *laughed* at their subject condition long enough. The pity of it looms larger and larger every day above what some are pleased to consider the joke of it. Intelligent women must learn now to feel that they cannot *play* with their disabilities any longer. We have entered the Monday morning of a long working day, whose sunset only can earn the promise of the "New Atmosphere" in which the woman's to-morrow shall dawn.

A hundred years hence where will posterity find language to express its impression of such a scene as that? They will look back upon it with the same kind of amused or indignant mystification with which we now recall the fact that a man was once fined seven shillings in England for wearing a skirt that did not fall below the knees; or that Francoise de Saintonges, wishing, in the sixteenth century, to establish schools for girls in France, was "hooted in the streets," and that "her father called together four doctors learned in the law to decide whether she was not possessed by demons, to think of educating women."

How is it that social tradition, literary fiction, and Christian judgment—always united in placing woman "first at the cross and earliest at the grave"—have yet united to exclude her from well nigh all avenues of acknowledged individual religious power but teaching the infant class in Sunday-school and hearing the children's prayers at home?

The Christian Church cannot afford any longer to lose the official influence and instruction of its women. It is quite time to understand this. The Christian Church will be a long while in regaining the treasure which it has lost through stifling the voice of the Spirit of God which burns upon women's lips. Every drooping or dying church testifies to this. Every flagging school for the instruction of men ministers cries Aye! to this. Every crude, dull, inefficient man minister pleads for this. We hear it frequently said, both by the religious and secular press, that the intellectual quality and moral force of the ministry is deteriorating. If this be true—it is perhaps an open question—it is a clarion call to the Church to repent, and turn from the ways in which she has wandered, seeking her sole strength in the exclusive public influence of masculine nature.

Weed out your seminaries. Sift your seeds of clergymen. Separate the tares from the wheat. When a man will better do God service on a farm or in a shoe-shop than in the pulpit, never put him into the pulpit because he is a man, while dumb Lucretia Motts or Phœbe Hanafords (of the strictest orthodoxy) sit making his dressing-gowns at the sewing-circle. To the promise of your best men add the strength of your best women. Give God the prince and princess of the land. Even to the half of your kingdom, Christian men, admit this waiting Esther. Stretch out your scepter. She will make her way to the inner court, to be sure, whether you do or not. Her people are in peril; though she should perish, yet would she perish for their sake. But stretch out the scepter. It will do you good, and her too. Open your grim old theological doors with a hearty will—for open they must, in the name of the Lord—and welcome into your "dim, religious light" the clear eyes of the mother and sister of Christ.

We may now expect to see an immediate and thorough revision of the constitutions of New York, Princeton, Andover, Hartford, New Haven, and Harvard, with a view to the prompt admission of women into the junior classes of 1872. This prospect is gratifying in the extreme.

Christian women, by the memories of those Christian ministers, Miriam, Deborah, Anna, of the "four daughters" of the "certain man" which "did prophesy," in the hope cherished by Joel of the days when the Lord shall pour out his spirit "upon the handmaids," and when "your daughters shall prophesy," and in the dear and solemn name of Christ who will never rebuke the Mary who shall choose the "good part," step out and fill your hands with his gifts, and claim and retain and honor the places waiting in his Church for your presence and your power.

FREE DRINKING-FOUNTAINS OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

IT is the best sentiment of American patriotism that our institutions are slowly molding those of other countries into like character and image. This is a generous idea; for it admits and gladly appreciates the capacity of other nations to come up abreast of ours, so far as common institutions may equalize them and us in the grand march of civilization. It is really generous in the American mind to admit and anticipate this probability; to believe and hope that other nations will so adopt and follow our institutions that all the advantage or pre-eminence that we shall retain over them will be merely in what Nature has given us more than to them, or in our more extended and productive territory.

This is truly a sentiment of enlightened patriotism. But all along up to the present moment it has been the benevolent emotion of a dream, or a kind of boastful wish, not an actual expectation. But the time has now come when we must bring a dim and remote possibility into the clear and immediate scope of our vision as an impending fact. It is perhaps not desirable, as well as not possible, that all the civilized nations should run neck and neck on the high road of progress. But two of them may do this; and two are now doing it in nearer approximation than the American mind seems to recognize. Whether or not we may ascribe it to a transfusion of blood or political vitality, the mother, so heavily weighted with burdens of the past, is rapidly coming up abreast of her eldest and proudest daughter in the race. In all the faculties of democracy, in all the capacities and habitudes of people power, England will be neck and neck with our republic in less than ten years. The compactness and homogeneousness of her population, their means and training for concentrating their opinion upon the helm of government in twenty-four hours, and their ability to change the pilot at any exigency of public affairs, give them a democratic force which our American populations do not possess or cannot wield. Thus we shall soon have to yield up that great political distinction which has been our boasted glory, "or both divide the crown." For every thoughtful mind must see and feel that the democracy of England and the republicanism of America are to run shoulder to shoulder the rest of the course.

Well, then, what is to be the great American specialty, if we are to yield up our political pre-eminence of democracy or people power? Why, our only possibility of keeping the lead of other nations is in the moral and social *status* to which we may raise and hold the great masses of the American people. We have heard of the battles or competitive struggles of "*the guages*" in railway history. But our great American contest with England, Prussia, and other nations hereafter must be *the battle of the levels*—or which shall raise and maintain the whole mass of its population upon the highest level of intelligence and moral virtue. It is not which shall produce the most numerous and most profound scholars, nor which shall rear the most writers; but which can make and show the most readers per thousand of its population. And here "comes the tug of war." For just in proportion as the people of the competing nations acquire political power, or exercise it more effectively, will they equalize and multiply the means of instruction. This fact is equally and simultaneously illustrated in the United States and England. Our American era of universal education is not yet ten years old as a *national* movement. New England and some other free states, perhaps, outrun every other people in the world in common schools; but half the Union, under slavery, groped in darkness for want of these district lamps of learning. So, as a whole nation, our universal education movement has just commenced, and we have yet half the continent to stud and light with common schools. No nation this side of Russia has more of the waste land of ignorance to sustain than we. This is now the great work before us. This is the American specialty. Our success in this vast undertaking will give us the only pre-eminence we can hope to maintain.

But, if this even and universal educational movement is our "new departure" as a nation, it is equally so, and for the same reason, with England. Her educational era begins at nearly the same date and from the same cause as ours. We see that this new political power won by the people of that country has produced the same educational movement there as here. They are moving by the same motives and march-words, though put in homelier Saxon than ours: "Every child in the three kingdoms to be taught *the three R's*"—or Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic. That is their will, purpose, and programme. Are they not ours, too? Just compare their tasks with ours. Look over the two fields, compare their extent and character, and then say which is likely to come out ahead in this educational race of *the three R's*. If, running the guage through from Maine to Mexico, and from Dacotah to Florida, it shall give a higher level of learning to the heterogeneous millions of America than to the homogeneous and concentrated population of England, it will be for the reason that we have put such educational forces into the field as no other nation could produce. It is as clear as day that, unless we can muster and maintain such forces, both England and Prussia will beat us in the long campaign of the three R's. Every thoughtful educationist in the Union must see and feel this, if he appreciates the herculean task before us.

But there is one department of popular education in which England is already ahead of us, and in which she will keep the lead, if we are not up and doing, with a new might of purpose not to be outrun in this important direction. As England was first to open up drinking-fountains of water for thirsty men and beasts in all her large towns and villages, by a kind of natural affinity or suggestion, she was the first country in the world to open up for her masses those cheap and common drinking-fountains of knowledge, FREE LIBRARIES—free for the people and by the people. This democratic feature should commend them to the American public. They are not charity soup establishments. They are not gifts to the people from munificent patrons or benefactors, like Peabody, Cooper, or Astor. They are the people's own institutions, just like the water, gas, or parks they vote and pay for. They are put on the same footing as our common schools, raised and sustained by a rate or tax the people vote to impose upon themselves. And why should not the people of any American town do the same as properly as to vote for a lamp-post, a watering-trough, or a paved sidewalk? Every motive and object that leads to the opening of free libraries in England appeals to us to establish them here. Why should England lead or outrun us in these free drinking-fountains of knowledge? Do her reading masses need them more than ours? Have they more use for these living waters than our town and village communities?

Here, then, is our next educational move as a nation, town by town. And why cannot we bring our town and village people up to the work as quickly and as easily as the like communities in England are brought to it? The large town of Birmingham, the most democratic town in England, voted by a great majority, at the second trial, to establish not only one great central free library, but branch institutions, for the accommodation of the people. The statistics of that great drinking-fountain of knowledge, or the number and character of the drinkers at it, would surprise Americans; or, what is better, stimulate them to go and do likewise. Nothing could be more democratic, both in ownership and enjoyment. It is the people's gift to themselves. They are not indebted for a drop of the living water to any rich patron or benefactor. If I may say it, reverently, feeling its need, they say at the polls, "Let there be light," and there is light—the light of knowledge, bright and free as air. And they find that it is good for the eyes that need and look to see something more than the bare sun reveals. It is a pleasant sight that meets the eye at the great central fountain of this light in Birmingham, from half-past twelve to one o'clock daily. The large reading-room is filled for those thirty minutes with hard-handed mechanics, who, on the way from hasty dinners to their workshops, stop to feed their minds with the cheap and wholesome food spread before them in infinite abundance and variety.

Such are the drinking-fountains we need in all our large towns and villages—fountains voted, owned, and enjoyed by the people in the most democratic sense. Not given by a rich benefactor, not even built up and expanded upon his donation of money or books; but every dollar raised by a tax, like one for a district school. I know not if such a democratic library has yet been opened in America. If not, what town will lead the way and claim the banner as the pioneer in this new march of civilization? For one, I would covet this honor and duty for little Connecticut. She has done a thing or two for popular education which this whole continental nation, from sea to sea, should recognize as well as enjoy. She has a colonial record in this line of duty and effort which she may read with pride, and slater states with gratitude as well as admiration. When, two centuries ago, her maiden feet bled among the briers of her rough inheritance, and her young hands were worn to the quick by toil and poverty, she stood up on tiptoe and lit a lamp that shone over all the peopled continent. The time has come when she may light another of more distinctive illumination. When, walking, the other day, under the green and Gothic avenues of New Haven, that seemed like corridors that Nature had built to the halls of learning, I thought what a graceful complement and fellowship it would make for those institutions to associate with them a free library in the Grecian State House on that classic, elm-girdled green. No building already erected could be more happily adapted by structure, position, and association for such a drinking-fountain of knowledge; and it will soon be available for such a use. Fronting the center of a long line of college buildings, and flanked by the new theological seminary and the scientific institute, such a free fountain might well represent and contain the streams of learning flowing from such institutions. It would be a pleasant and proper sight from their windows to see the masses of the city coming up daily to drink of the cheap and healthy waters which should both quicken and quench their thirst.

But whatever town leads the way, and, in public meeting assembled, votes to open a free library on the same principle as a public school or a public road, an honor will attach to its name which it will be proud to wear. But, to perform this duty and win this honor, it must not wait for munificent donors or patrons, but do the work by the people and for the people.

GOOD WILL.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN BASCOM.

WHILE the love of God is the root of Christian virtue, the real character of that love shows itself in each case by the way in which it flowers out in the actual affections of life. The formula, the love of God, requires a second term as an index of its real nature and value. Thus the motto of chivalry, "The love of God and the ladies," has a significance quite its own. The love of God is defined in its kind and coloring by the love of the ladies, and the whole expression sinks to the rank of a romantic and pleasing sentiment. Change it for the love of God and man, and it at once catches a comprehensive, stern, moral tone, whose supreme import and powers we cannot easily misunderstand. Change it again into the love of God and of thy neighbor, and, while retaining the same pervasive moral force, it hints a tenderness of affection and regard that hides the rigor of the precept behind the cheerfulness and daily pleasures of obedience. That word *neighbor* crowds close up to consanguinity. We meet him daily in our walks, share many interests with him, can express our regard to him, and take in easily his response. We can turn from him with a warmer heart, and meet him on renewed occasions with additional sympathy. The root of love to God can thus grow up and blossom forth in a cheerful, pleasant sunshine of daily duties and hourly attachments.

Christ says we have the poor always with us. It were well if we understood how much they are worth to us, how essential they are to our religious life. We are not to think of the poor as being the very poor only, to regard the word as the label of beggary and of vice just sinking out of sight under its own retributions. This is the least and least valuable portion of our neighbors covered by the word. All to whom we can extend help are so far in reference to us poor, and those who best respond to the aid we render them are to us the most important and interesting poor. The word *neighbor* aggregates us, puts a bond between us; and that which advances a neighbor advances a neighborhood, and gives a better and more pervasive common life. In the neighborhood, as in the family, one is to work as he can work, knowing that it is so far a unit that the profiting of each is the profiting of all,

The Independent.

THE STRANGE PAST.

BY REV. J. WILSON WARD, JR.

My cup was brimmed with perfect joy,
I raised the rosy wine,
And thought to quaff the precious draught;
All Heaven, and more, was mine.

That brimming cup was dashed to earth,
That bright wine to the ground;
And where I thought the fire was warm
Darkness and ice I found.

I walked the earth as in a trance,
Heartsick and near to die.
I only asked a bed of earth,
And there at rest to lie.

What melody salutes mine ears!
The choirs of Heaven above
Sing sweet, enraptured, joyful strains,
To tell me "God is Love."

I knew not then; but now I see
A rainbow through my tears,
And now I thank the gracious God
Who lengthened out my years.

I do not mourn o'er buried joys,
Nor call them from the grave;
To help a dying fellow-man
Is all the good I crave.

Toil is a precious pastime now,
In it I sink my woes;
In helping others bear their griefs
My soul hath sweet repose.

Dear Lord, raise up my buried hope,
And brim my cup again;
But, if thou still dost goad me on,
Amen, dear Lord, Amen!

THE LONDON PULPIT.

BY PROF. P. W. FISK, D. D.

Probably no one of the more than two thousand ministers of the Congregational body of England and Wales is more widely known than Dr. Thomas Binney, who for nearly half a century was the able, honored, and loved pastor of the church worshiping in the old "Weigh-house Chapel," on Fish-street Hill, just north of London Bridge; and his praise is still in all the churches. Doubtless many of the readers of The Independent have formed a pleasant acquaintance with him through his excellent volume of "Weigh-house Chapel Sermons," recently given to the public. Eighteen years ago, when in his prime, I heard him in his own pulpit; and it was my good fortune to hear him again in the same place yesterday morning, when he preached for his successor, Rev. W. Braden. It must have been a rare treat both to his former people and to the many strangers from abroad, who were there to worship, to hear the venerable man discourse from Psalm 25–15—"Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord"—illustrating the text most happily, both from the Psalms and from Christian experience. With characteristic modesty, he called his sermon simply "a meditation"; and, sitting down, and leaning upon his pulpit, he talked to us in the most natural way possible, out of his ripe knowledge of the Scriptures and his mature spiritual experience. As the limits of this article will not permit a full outline of this delightful "meditation," I will only briefly indicate the course of thought.

The text (said the preacher) may be taken either as expressing the feeling of the Psalmist in circumstances of special need, or his uniform habit of soul, and presents for our meditation the theme: *The eye of the inner man always directed toward the Lord.* And here (remarked the speaker) I need not remind those of you who have gone with me through a long life of various experiences how ever new and fresh the Psalms are to us. Let us look at this passage as interpreted both by all the Psalms and by our own experience. This Book of Psalms is the voice of the Church. For what is the Church but humanity with a divine life in it? Hence, the different instincts of that divine life will express themselves in the same way; and so each spiritual man will say, "Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord." It is not so with the worldly man, who says, "Who will show us any good?" But it is of necessity so with the "divine man." Let us note some particulars.

1. Take what we call *Nature.* Now a devout man, looking on these outward things which we term Nature, never thinks that they came by development and blind forces. He believes that they are from God; that above and beneath and back of all the outward there is a divine personality. So he goes to the origin of things, and says: "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God." He refers everything to God. In starlight as in daylight he exclaims: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." Their voice is heard, and their speech is eloquent to the devout man. Blessed thing to live in such a habit of mind! When I was in the country, lately, I walked out amidst its eloquent silence—the hum of the insects, the flowers, and the wonderful beauty on every side; and my heart was so full it broke, and my eyes were filled with tears.

2. Take what we call *Divine action.* We find it in the Psalms always connected with God. To these sacred writers it seemed as if creation was continuous; not that God had made a great machine, wound it up, and then left it. But everything is direct from God. He opens his hand, and fills all with good and crowns the year with his goodness. And not only these benevolent acts are his, but the thunder that splits the cedars of Lebanon is from him. These writers never say "*It* rains"; "*It* does so and so"; but "*God* does this and that."

Now all this might have been said had there been only *one* man on earth. But God has given the earth to the children of men, and so we get another idea of God. He reigns over the whole earth. These divine men are seeing the hand of God in all things that take place. Hence, we have grand national songs. They see, too, what is taking place about them. "Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth." We ought deeply to feel the force of this passage, this morning. Yesterday was the anniversary of the declaration of war by France against Prussia. Now only think what a chapter in the world's history has been enacted within the last twelve months! Never was there anything like it. *It is of God—the whole of it.* It was the working out of grand providential laws. The writers of the Psalms will tell you so, and the nations are expected "to learn righteousness."

3. Take next the *incidents and circumstances belonging to the individual,* and note how all things are associated with God. "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places." "My cup runneth over." Ah, it was not always so! "Thou broughtest us into the net; thou laidest affliction upon our loins." It is still "Thou." The eye is ever toward the Lord. So also they saw God when injustice came from men. They were only the hand, the sword.

4. Note also how this thought is brought out *in the temple service, and applied to the worshiper in it.* "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple." "Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts; we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple." But there is admonition for us in the prayer of David: "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." He often refers to the significance of the ceremonies of worship. The whole ritual service was a parable. The law was to bring to Christ, and to this end he gave this great picture-book. David felt that there was a significance in it to which he had not attained. The Jews had the picture, not the substance—Christ. We, by faith, can penetrate to the "Holy of Holies," and present our sacrifices. How much more, then, ought we to try to realize the words of Christ, and in our worship, simple though it be, to have our eyes ever toward the Lord.

5. Note, also, how these words are illustrated in *practical life.* "The righteous Lord loveth righteousness: his countenance doth behold the upright." "Trust in the Lord and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." "Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for I wait on thee." "I have set the Lord always before me." O, dear friends, the acting out of the spirit of this text in daily life makes everything glorious—nothing mean that has been bathed in the radiance of God. This habit of soul should go with us into all our business, recreations, and pleasures.

6. Note, also, the Psalmist's trust and confidence in God in perplexity and distress. His "feet had well nigh slipped" when he beheld the mysteries of human life. But these doubts led him into the sanctuary of God, where they were solved; and he exclaims, "Whom have I in Heaven but Thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee." When all others despaired, David encouraged himself in the Lord. So, also, in spiritual distresses he says, "Out of the *depths* have I cried unto Thee, O Lord." Also, in great mental distress, caused by the consciousness of sin and guilt, the eyes are ever toward the Lord. "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin." "Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions."

7. We find, also, these divine men *looking forward to death without fear.* "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." The eyes are still ever toward the Lord. O the blessedness of such a life! May we all experience it.

I must beg pardon of the venerable preacher for this mutilation of his discourse, to which nothing but a verbatim report could do justice. Mr. Binney's manner of preaching has changed somewhat with his years; but there is still the same depth and vigor of thought, copiousness of diction, and delightful naturalness both of style and delivery which characterized his pulpit efforts a quarter of a century ago. His personal appearance aids him not a little in the sacred desk. He is about six feet and two inches in hight, with a well-proportioned body and highly intellectual and benevolent countenance—a kind of Dr. Griffin among the ministers of London, in the midst of whom, as a preacher, he has long stood, as Saul among the people, higher than any of them, "from his shoulders and upward," and been a king in Israel; and the scepter has not yet fallen from his hand.

London, July 17th, 1871.

ESSAY VERSUS STORY.

BY J. HAWTHORNE.

Most literary men have done something in the essay line. Beginners, because it gives them practice, and teaches them what they know and think. Veterans, because it is a simple and easy way to show power and erudition. The middle class—whatever that may be—some because they can do nothing else so well, others because *they,* at least, believe such is the fact. Finally, each of these three contribute more or less generously to that fourth class, which may be styled the pecuniary, and which need not be interpreted to any one.

It affords a splendid opportunity for fine writing. Wit, humor, and all little idiosyncrasies of thought and style find unsurpassed facilities for ventilation in essay. Perhaps nothing is so flattering to an author's vanity as a good essay. He feels that whatever is good in it is a piece of himself—in some sense, therefore, it is a portrait; and who that paints his own portrait will make it revolting? A solid spell at essay writing makes a man feel justified in touching the likeness up quite vividly, till his best friend would admire it and not recognize it.

Then there is freedom in that sort of writing. Who can lay down rules for an essay? Its chief charm is its no rules. In fact—though this is rather a dangerous admission—the less like an essay it looks the better. Put it in the form of half a dozen little anecdotes, and see how popular it will be! Your enemy would say it was sugaring the pill. And pray what is not the better for a little sugar? The more difficulty you find, then, in saying exactly what an essay is the more delightful an essayist you are; and that is a very alluring consideration.

Besides, what is so widely appreciated and respected as essay? All the solid men and manly women back it up; and the solid men and manly women of this world are to the rest as, in physics, density is to volume. They don't outnumber, but outweigh; when they speak, they are heard. So the essayist always feels safe. He has, so to speak, plenty of big brothers; and, even if he once in a while should chance to be in the wrong of it, the big brothers will hit out just the same, from force of habit. Nobody dares turn up his nose at an essay writer; he must take the novelist, and be thankful.

Another advantage—were another needed—lies in the fact that an essayist is allowed such latitude of statement and expression. Why should he knuckle down to bare facts and naked truth, when by a little over or under-coloring—deepening of shadows and hightening of lights—he can make the truth seem so much truer, and his adversary (every essayist needs an adversary) so much more in the wrong?

It is but fair to say, however, that essayists were not always so well off as they are now. In the time of Bacon, for instance, an essay was little more than the concise statement of facts relating to the subject of the composition. If facts were your object, you had them, and nothing else. When Bacon sat down to write an essay on studies, for instance, his first sentence commenced the discussion, and his last left nothing more to be said; and between the two you can interpolate or excide nothing. And the whole thing covered about as much paper as the prologue of a good modern essay. No personality, egotism, or embroidery. What fun could there be in writing such an essay as that? To be in writing such an insoluble by Time; but, after all, is not the expansive paste preferable to the expensive diamond, even if it *doesn't* last? It is certainly more popular.

Well, then, there are Lamb, and Locke, and Montaigne, and Thackeray, and numberless others known to literary manuals, all of them essayists; but they all bear more or less the impress of labor and research, for which Bacon set the example. We admire, quote, and, while they live, tionize them; but, though we may strive to reflect, we are shy of really imitating down and counterfeit, as best we may, the sparkling, epigrammatic writing of Thackeray; but we can't afford to go through all his learning, thinking, and observation. At least, not many of us can; and we do wisely, perhaps, to leave it to those who will. Every one to his trade.

Just here I am put in mind—as doubtless is the reader—that an excellent thing in essay writing is to imagine an evil or a wrong, and then fulminate against it. You thus have the double advantage of being both yourself and your opponent; and, naturally, being omnipotent against yourself, the severity of the drubbing you can inflict may be augmented *ad infinitum.* By the simple expedient of creating, for the sake of annihilating, a nuisance, you may acquire the reputation of a red-handed champion of truth and justice. And of all such creations the most popular, because the most prolific, are humbugs. Any one can prove anything a humbug; and to denounce a humbug at once entitles us to respect and admiration. By all means, then, let us cultivate humbugs.

Really, upon consideration, essay appears so captivating that I begin to blush for story. I refer to what are known as short love stories. Somebody said, the other day, they were the curse of modern literature; but whether by reason of their popularity, their number, or their quality, or all three, did not clearly appear. I apprehend that some of the severest condemners of this form of composition are of those who ought to know what they are talking about, having proved it for themselves. They go on to say that stories narrow down a man too much; interfere with ease and freedom; hold one to certain fixed rules; militate against digression and illustration; and, after all, do but encourage a morbid and unhealthy taste. To be sure, there are some story writers who achieve immortality; but what proportion do they bear to the multitude of their brethren? And shall we do well to run such a risk of injuring mankind for the remote chance of doing them good? Is it not better to be on the safe side?

By the way, speaking of the immortality of certain stories, why are they so, more than others? Here is a story, filling a well-worn space in a certain weekly (we all know where to look for it), containing two lovers, a misfortune, and a marriage, or something equally conclusive. Why is it that, by the time, next Monday, we find the well-worn space filled with the same letters differently arranged, we should utterly have forgotten what was the purport of last week's arrangement? While another story, of the same length, likewise containing love and a catastrophe, is straightway quoted, criticised, and admired from one end of the country to the other, and perhaps colors our life and meditations for a long time to come. Are they not both attempts to represent life? What is the secret of the difference?

It is all very well to talk about genius; but what, after all, is genius except getting rid of prejudices, and seeing and saying things just as they are? Undoubtedly natural genius is a vast assistance; but it is not a necessity in writing a story. Patient and persevering labor will effect—with difficulty, but still effect—what genius easily accomplishes; for by diligent toil we may clear our eyes and free our tongues. So we can't dismiss the matter by saying the story succeeds because it is a work of genius.

We are obliged, then, to fall back upon the explanation that this succeeds because it is the result of hard work, either contemporary with or preliminary to its production; and the other is forgotten because it emanated from no greater depth in the writer than it penetrated to in the reader.

Whatever is superlatively excellent has something very much resembling it which is superlatively worthless; but I don't see why we are obliged to look upon the copy and original as only different forms of the same thing. I consider a good story and a bad one to have as little in common as a man's face with its reflection in a mirror. And this brings us to the rather startling position that the two or three great story writers we are talking about are the *only* real story writers, and consequently that there are not more than a score or so of short love stories extant. But, since excellence is well gauged by imitation, and since, as somebody said the other day, there are more imitation stories than anything else, it follows that real stories are the most excellent things in literature.

Now, shallow and flippant as this argument may be, you will allow that it is much improved as soon as we apply it to the other side of the question; and thus (by a graceful lacuna) we find the model story and the model essay standing face to face. Which is the better, and why? To be answered not by indirect argument, but by direct examination.

In the first place, what is the difference? The short love story is of comparatively modern origin; it is only a few years since it began to exist in its present form. Its soul of wit is brevity. It aims to condense chapters into sentences, and volumes into pages. It is formed upon a leading idea, and every word must explain, illustrate, illuminate, result from, in some way relate to this idea. The characters are harmonized with the plot, and combine its development with their own. The language is clastic, graceful, and perspicuous. There is a symmetry and balance preserved throughout. And is not all this equally true of the model essay?

But the essay shows us what we think; the story what we are. The essay grows from the study of things; the story, of humanity. The essay deals with the facts, the story with the experiences, of life. The essay is the wisdom of the intellect; the story, of the heart. There are the differences.

And is not what we think included in what we are? Are not things subsidiary to humanity? Are not facts the fruit of experience? Is not the heart higher than the head, and deeper? In short, does not the story include the essay—ally thoughts to existence, men to things, facts to experience, heart to brain? Shakespeare's plays imply Bacon's essays; but the converse is not true. The intellectual hight in each is on a par; but which are the most widely known?

I have just read the foregoing to my young friend Simpson, (he is quite young), and he says I ought to have mentioned that amiable class, of which he is a member, who have an appreciation of a good short story, and try to write one; but, according to the publishers, without success. Simpson says he has toiled and moiled for hours and days on an attempt at a good short story, and is confident that what he accomplishes comes from a very deep place within himself, indeed; and yet he is conscious, even in advance of the publishers, that it presents no evidence of genius, natural or acquired. Still, if it be true that writer and reader are reciprocally and proportionally affected by the composition, he cannot understand why somebody is not interested in what has been of such moment to himself.

Now I am of opinion that Simpson really has considerable talent, and certainly does not deserve to be ranked among the phantom tribe of imitators. As long as he toils and moils over his stories they will really be of more value than the imitations, in spite of inflexible publishers; and, if he keeps on, he'll do something. But I don't think his case interferes with the reciprocal depth theory. He hasn't yet learned how to bring his boring tools properly to bear; and, consequently, though he has expended much labor, which he believes must be equivalent to going very deep, he is, in fact, still very near the surface. By and by his lever will grow longer and his pick heavier, and then he will soon work his way to the heart of mankind. Meanwhile, perhaps he cannot do better than write essays.

If I were at the end, instead of at the threshold of the subject, I would peprorate by drawing analogies between the intellectual and emotional man, and the essay and story, the respective expression of each. I would show how the head, unbalanced by the heart, is like a clock without a pendulum. If men were all head, the man of three thousand years ago would be unrecognizable and incomprehensible by us of to-day. It is the unchangeable heart which keeps us what we are, and makes the simple love story told to-day the same in its effect as it would have been in the first ages. So the story teller is always safe; and the essayist may be thankful, for such immortality as his works possess, to the same great conservative, which alone renders them intelligible to successive centuries.

But, when everything which can be touched by essay and story has been treated of, little remains to be said on any subject.

TO MARIA EDGEWORTH.

BY JULIA R. ANAGNOS.

Both Englands may thy name forget,
And feast on fresher tales;
But thou hast fashioned goodly men,
And Virtue never fails

To leave her stamp on nations' lives.
Thus we the pen must bless
That taught the rich of Old and New
The curse of idleness.

BLOWING THE ORGAN.

BY THOMAS E. BOND, M. D.

(Scene in Vanity Fair. Department of Religious Literature, Office of "The Church Trumpeter and Denominational Inflater," accredited organ [extra swells]. Publisher, solus, lays down a memorandum.)

"That will do. Let me see. Twenty new subscribers. A dozen letters full of commendation from men of influence, all assuring me that *The Trumpeter and Inflater* is the best paper in the world! After all, Darwin is half right. Mankind are certainly beings of very incomplete intelligence. There is a great deal of the Adamic monkey in them yet. One is hardly awed by the gravity of a face before he is astonished with the frivolity of a tail. Well, we must deal with men as they are. *Similia similibus curantur. Apes* must be *aped.* A newspaper must be adapted to the times—to the state of evolution a generation has reached. It will not do to ignore the monkey nature. We must be solemn, for monkeys are solemn. Their foolishness is all grave earnestness. They acquire the sense of humor slowly. Wit comes with wisdom. We must be heavy if we would have weight. To be popular, we must remember the great secret—to make our readers admire themselves. Thump a man of influence, and he naturally stiffens his back; tickle him, and he bends like an osier. A little cunning touch under the ribs will double up a bishop. It is all well, in the abstract, to consider conscience, intelligence, and taste. But they are very little developed. Vanity is full grown. No government could live by taxing Conscience. It does not yield two hundred dollars a year to the Internal Revenue. It is the meanest item in the Treasurer's account. Intelligence yields little more, and Taste is a polite name for a love of expensive gewgaws. *The Trumpeter and Inflater* cannot accomplish its high mission if it is not *practical.* Happily, I am a business man, and know how to suit the times. But what is this? *(Opens a letter and reads.)*

'Dear Brother:

I tried to get a peek of the humgudgeon potatoes you asked for; but they are held at five dollars, and, to tell the truth, money is scarce with me. To show you, however, that I have not forgotten your flattering notice of my sermon, I have procured for you the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Swampoodle University. Of course, you will acknowledge in your excellent paper, and speak a word for the institution. If we can only get money to put up a building and pay a few teachers, we could go into operation next year. Can you not suggest the names of some influential ministers for the degree?

'Yours in the bonds of Christian Love,

'A. Skimpole!'

Whew! D.D., and don't know a Greek letter! So much for being a practical man. But I wish Skimpole had sent the potatoes."

(Enter Editor, with a bundle of manuscripts.)

"What shall we do with this long communication from that stupid old ass, Muttonhead?"

"Why, print it, of course."

"*Print it!* Here, read it, and see if you will print it. It is some intolerable bore about Zaccheus."

"Well, no matter. Muttonhead has preached intolerable stupidity for thirty years; and yet he has a large congregation, that not only tolerate, but enjoy it hugely. We cannot afford to offend Muttonhead. Write an editorial notice calling attention to Rev. Dr. Muttonhead's profound and brilliant—there, give me the pen. I will show you how easy it is to transform muttonheads into geniuses. We can't do without this kind of patrons. Bless me, what would become of us if we did! Asses, undoubtedly; but there is wonderful docility and longevity in Vicars of Bray. *(Writes)* 'We call the very particular attention of our very numerous readers to the magnificent production of lofty genius, profound philosophy, coruscating fancy, and physical endurance exhibited in our splendid columns, under the striking and novel caption of 'Zaccheus up the Sycamore Tree.' The essay sets forth with luminous felicity the natural relations between bodily shortcomings and gracious condescensions. The acute analysis of moral causation and the *grandiat* consequences of right ascension is only exceeded by the ingenious typological treatment of the parallelism of Jacob's ladder. The disquisition upon the Sycamore Tree—the *Acer pseudo-platanus,* or *Platanus occidentalis*—evinces the scientific acquirement to be expected from a writer so distinguished as Rev. Dr. Muttonhead, who is remarkable especially for his knowledge of sycamores, or cotton woods, up one of which, as he proves at length, Zaccheus undoubtedly climbed, or, as the writer happily suggests, *was pushed up from behind by a servant, as he was rich.* We are happy to say in this connection that Dr. Muttonhead is an indefatigable reader and regular correspondent of *The Trumpeter and Inflater,* weekly, $3 a year, No. 1 Soap st., S. Magus Windbag Pub. and Prop.' There, that will do!"

"But, my dear sir, are you not afraid to publish such nonsense as that?"

"Afraid! of what? Bless you, it's just the thing."

"But that ridiculous blunder about the sycamore! The fig tree—"

"Oh! don't bother me about fig trees! We must stand up for the literal text, as Muttonhead does. Our readers think they know what a sycamore tree is. They believe in the same kind their fathers did. Didn't they see it in the orthodox primer picture? 'Zaccheus he, climbed the tree.' It is particularly important for us just now to keep clear of rationalism."

"But the *truth*—is nothing due to the *truth?*"

"Not on our books. We have printed a great deal of truth that has never paid us a cent; we have lost money by it. There is a large balance against the truth. When anybody comes here with truth to print, he wants money for it; when he brings lies he pays for it. Remember we live in Vanity Fair, where humbug is common law. Our church is striving to keep up with the times. We must be practical—act on commercial principles."

"Did anybody ever go to Heaven on commercial principles?"

"I have no time just now for speculative theology. Is there anything else?"

"An advertisement."

"Put it in."

"But it is indecent!"

"Never mind, we are not responsible for that. We told you that truth owes us a heavy balance. So does decency. It is abominable, I know, to curtain off the nude forms of Venus, but what is this? Why, the Church Missionary Society, also speaks of the Church Missionary Society, also speaks of the charge of some Greek bishops as much like the charge of other missionary bishops. The worship of Mary and the saints was alluded to, but only that; and Christ Jesus was set forth as the great mediator between God and man. These Greek missionaries are freely using the Scriptures also—that in the Mongolian language, which was translated by Messrs. Swan and Stallybrass, of the London Missionary Society—together with schoolbooks prepared by them. The Russians have recently purchased of the British and Foreign Bible Society two large cases of these Scriptures, and forwarded them to the Buriats, in Peking. Nor is this all. They have been purchasing the Scriptures and portions of the Bible in the Manchu language, for the use of Manchu tribes on the Amoor; and have recently completed a translation of the New Testament in Chinese, for their work among that people. These are very remarkable things to be done by the Greek Church; and yet the statements come from high authority. If they are to be received according to their full import, they indicate a great change in that communion, or else the Greek Church of Russia is very unlike that of Greece itself or of Turkey.

....We have before spoken of Latas, the popular Greek preacher of Athens. He is compared to Hyacinthe and Gavazzi, in the Roman Catholic Church, and seems to be drawing crowds after him, just as Spurgeon is wont to do in London. He came in 1867 from a convent near Jerusalem, and took at first but an humble position in the choir of one of the principal churches of the city. As soon as he began to preach all were astonished at his eloquence. He was sent by a wealthy Greek gentleman for some time to a German university; but is now again in Athens, drawing crowds to hear his sermons. He is said to be as modest as he is gifted, and devoutly to attribute all his success to the grace of God. Rev. Dr. Hill, the Episcopal missionary in Athens, recently listened to one of his discourses, and speaks of it as one of the grandest he had ever heard. The audience of 2,500 persons were held for nearly two hours as if spellbound, while this eloquent preacher, the Archimandrite. Dionysios Latas, unfolded, in comparative purity, the great doctrines of grace and salvation by Jesus Christ our Lord. It is a good omen for the Greek Church. It is doubtless something of the fruit of the missionary toil in which Dr. King and others from our own land have borne so conspicuous a part.

....The *Missionary Herald* for September gives an account of an Armenian priest whose ways would be quite too persuasive for some parts of our own land. He wanted to baptize the child of one of the staunch Protestants—to baptize it with oil, according to one of the superstitious rites of that church. Hagop, or James, had learned better things, as he thought, and stoutly resisted the demands of the priest for the child for baptism. He said he had become a Protestant; that he did not believe in that kind of baptism any more; that he thought it contrary to the Bible. Upon this the venerable ecclesiastic seized the tongs, gave the poor convert a thorough pounding, and then cast him into prison for some hours. While the poor man was in confinement, they stole away his babe and carried it to church for baptism. After a while the priest summoned Hagop before him; heaped upon him the vilest epithets—calling him dog, heretic, and the like—threatening him also with banishment from home and friends; and then, to add falsehood to violence, told him that his own family did not wish to see him again.

....In the progress of the mission work in foreign lands it becomes necessary to build colleges, and sometimes the native churches need a little help in the erection of houses of worship. Why should not the college societies and the church-building societies aid in these works abroad as well as here at home? Is there anything in their organization to prevent it? Would it not enlarge their operations, and magnify and intensify their appeal to the churches for the aid they need in carrying on their operations? It would, at least, give them the whole world to talk about.

....Mr. R. Lenox Kennedy, of New York, who visited Pau, in France, last year, has written to the continental committee of the Free Church of Scotland expressing his pleasure that Presbyterian worship had been established in so many places on the Continent of Europe where formerly it had been unknown, and enclosing a gift of one thousand dollars, to be expended in sustaining the mission at Pau, if necessary for that station, or for the general purposes of the committee.

....Rev. Dr. Clark, the foreign secretary of the American Board, who has spent the last six months in the East, mainly in visiting the missions of the Board in Turkey, was expected home, in improved health, about the 10th instant, in time to take part in the annual meeting of the Board, in October, at Salem.

....A little boy having broken his rocking-horse the day it was bought, his mother began to rebuke him and box his ears. He silenced her by inquiring: "What is the use of a hoss till it's broke?"

....Horace Greeley is reported as authority for the latest rule to secure profit from poultry. If it is desired to make them lay, he says, tie their legs together, and then they can't stand up.

....A clergyman, describing Heaven as a place, warned his hearers: "You need not cry, lo here, lo there; for you cannot locate it."

Missionary News.

Great encouragement has attended missionary labors in the Micronesian Islands the past year. A church was formed by Mr. Bingham, in Tarawa, of which the king is one of the members. A larger church is formed upon Apaiang, where Mr. Bingham began his missionary labors in 1856. Two deacons were chosen in this church the past year, King Abarahama being one of them. A few years ago Butaritari was the darkest of all the islands of the group; but now it is the brightest. Three Hawaiians were killed by the king. The missionaries fled from the island, and the people seemed to know no restraint in their violence and wickedness. But the faith and patience of the missionaries have since been abundantly rewarded. The brother of the king, his sister, and his brother-in-law are members of the church. The king, though not caring for instruction himself, and though devoted to the gratification of his own lusts, still does not oppose the missionaries. The church embraces forty-five members, twenty-two of whom have been added to it the past year. No white missionary has resided the past year in Ebon, but the Hawaiian missionaries have been greatly prospered in their labors. The island has been divided into five districts, schools established in each, preaching maintained. The church numbers 90 members; two of whom, with their wives, have been sent as teachers to other islands of the group. Namarik is a small island of about 400 inhabitants, 500 of whom were in school in 1869; and they have a church of 31 members, six of whom were admitted the past year. Twenty years ago the inhabitants of Kusaie, or Strong's Island, were in the lowest state of savage violence and heathen degradation. Whaleships were out of once and again to them, and the crews murdered in cold blood. Now they are virtually a Christian people. They fear God, reverence the Sabbath, are industrious and frugal, dwell in peace, and are as well clothed generally as the natives of the Sandwich Islands. Four houses of worship are opened on the Sabbath, in a population of 600, and are filled with happy worshipers. The church embraces 159 members, and has had a native pastor of its own choice to minister to them—a son of the old King George, who took the missionaries under his protection when they first landed on his shores. The queen is a member of the church, and gives good evidence of piety. The present king is moral and intelligent; not a churchmember, but does not oppose those who are. The church has been called to mourn the death of their pastor, who was a humble Christian and a man of influence and usefulness. Since his death there has been some little trouble in the church, but nothing serious. On the whole, it is thought that as great progress has been made at the Micronesian Islands as was realized in the same length of time at the Sandwich Islands—perhaps, indeed, greater—whilst the number of laborers has been much less. Some 200, it is supposed, have been added to their churches in the past year; and that while but one American missionary has been there most of the time.

....It would appear from a statement of Rev. Mr. Williamson, agent in China of the Bible Society of Scotland, that the Greek Church, under the patronage of the Russian Government, is already at work by its missionaries in many important localities of Mongolia, Manchuria, and Siberia—men, he says, who are laboring with zeal and intelligence. He also represents their views of divine truth as much more scriptural than we have generally supposed the Greek Church to teach. Mr. Edkins, of Peking, who is of the Church Missionary Society, also speaks of the

....The toad as an entomologist is treated of in the *American Naturalist.* It is very useful in destroying insects injurious to vegetation, and hence the intelligent gardener favors their introduction into the garden. They, also, as we see from Mr. Ritchie's list, devour the beneficial species, such as ground beetles, which are carnivorous in their habits. He writes that the toad is of a retiring disposition, loving dark corners and shady places. It has a slow, jumping motion. The moment it sees an insect, its eyes brighten and sparkle, the toes twitch, and, quicker than the eye can follow, the tongue is thrown out, the insect transdixed, and withdrawn into the mouth.

"Unlike the frog, the toad does not spring after its prey, but remains seated. Having kept frogs in the aquarium, I have noticed that they will spring two or three times their own length from the moss to catch a fly on the glass, using their tongue, as it were, on the jump. They seldom miss their mark. As far as my experience goes, neither of these animals will eat anything without life or motion. I have, however, often deceived a frog by moving a dead fly in the sight of the creature, which it always took readily.

....We learn from the *American Naturalist* that the sucking fish which attaches itself, by a sucking disk on the top of its head, to sharks, instead of drawing its nourishment from the sharks, feeds upon fishes. Prof. Van Beneden also finds, on examining the stomachs of the pilot fish, that it is omnivorous in its tastes, eating indifferently portions of fishes, crabs, sea-weeds, and, in one instance, potato peelings.

Scientific.

The *Bibliotheque Universelle* contains an interesting article on the Glaciers of Greenland, by M. Payer, an officer in the Austrian army, who spent a winter in Greenland. He finds that the line of eternal snow has been heretofore placed too low. In Greenland he places the lower line of snow between 3,300 and 3,900 feet above the level of the sea, while Torell found in Spitzbergen flowering plants 1,800 feet high like those living on the plains; while in the Karakoroum Mountains, north of Thibet, the snow-line is 19,000 feet. On the other hand, the glaciers descend in Greenland into the sea, each valley issuing from a table-land 3,000 to 3,900 feet high, containing a glacier, the largest presenting a vertical front a thousand feet high, from which break off icebergs of enormous size. Western Greenland is covered with an immense accumulation of ice, or *mer de glace,* the surface of which is unbroken by projecting mountain peaks, and runs over, as it were, the coast range into the valleys leading to the sea. A line of elevations of which the steeper slope is toward the east traverses the country from Cape Farewell northward, dividing it into two slopes, of which the western is much more extended than the eastern. As to the quantity of floating bergs discharged by the glaciers of Greenland, Holböll has estimated that there are from 800 to 900 millions of cubic yards discharged annually from the Gulf of Godhaab, one of the smaller bays, and its glacier is of feeble extent compared with the Humboldt Glacier, in Smith's Sound. From under these glaciers muddy rivers flow seaward. The mud and stones carried out by this stream forms a terminal moraine, which is filled with marine animals, on which the seals and walruses feed—these animals frequenting the bases of grounded icebergs, which by their rolling motion plow up the bottom of the sea, turning up shellfish for them to feed upon. The glacial streams on the land flow during the winter, while in the Alps such streams freeze up. In summer the surface of the *mer de glace* is covered with large masses of standing water. The Greenland glaciers were formerly much more extensive than now, as he counted five lateral moraines about the glacier, disposed in stages indicating the successive levels of the glacier during its decrease.

....Sir William Thompson, from whose recent address we have already quoted, thus speaks of the drudgery scientists have to do before they reach definite results:

"Accurate and minute measurement seems to the non-scientific imagination a less lofty and dignified work than looking for something new. But nearly all the grandest discoveries of science have been the fruit of laborious methods and patient, long-continued labor in the minute sifting of numerical results. The popular idea of Newton as a genius is fully true in this sense, that the theory of gravitation flashed into his mind, and so the discovery was made. It was by a long train of mathematical calculation, founded on results accumulated through prodigious toil of practical astronomers, that Newton first demonstrated the force urging the planets to the sun, determined the magnitude of those forces, and discovered that a force following the same law of variation with distance urges the moon toward the earth. *Then* first, we may suppose, came to him the idea of the universality of gravitation; but when he attempted to compare the magnitude of the force in the moon with the magnitude of the force of gravitation of a heavy body of equal mass at the earth's surface he did not find the agreement which the law he was discovering required. Not for years after would he publish his discovery as made. It is recounted that, being present at a meeting of the Royal Society, he heard a paper read describing geodesic measurement, by Picard, which led to a serious correction of the previously accepted estimate of the earth's radius. This was what Newton required. He went home with the result, and commenced his calculations; but felt so much agitated that he handed over the arithmetical work to a friend. Then (and not when, sitting in a garden, he saw an apple fall) did he ascertain that gravitation keeps the moon in her orbit."

....The fact has been brought out by the recent deep-sea explorations of the Mediterranean Sea that its waters contain matter in suspension in a very fine state of division, which it derives from its rivers, and for its western basin largely from the Rhone. The bottom water is almost everywhere turbid, and the bottom muddy. Very little life exists over it when thus muddy, and this is attributable to the fact that life cannot exist where there is a constant deposition of this finest silt going forward, as it tends to cover the surface of the animal and prevent aeration. Thus oyster-beds will not flourish in the range of river-deposits. These facts correspond with those observed by Tyndal, who detected the particles in the surface-water of the Mediterranean by electric light, and attributed the deep blue color of the waters, as well as of those of Lake Geneva, to their presence. The facts are stated, adds the *American Journal of Science,* to explain to geologists how unfossiliferous clay-beds may have been formed in past time. Dr. Carpenter suggests as another reason for the absence of life over the bottom of the Mediterranean the stagnation of the waters, due to an almost total absence of vertical circulation. If this last-mentioned cause is a true one, it should have excluded life from the bottom where it is rocky, as well as from the muddy part.

....The French savans are waking up to a sense of the backwardness of scientific studies among their people. The *Revue Scientifique* complains that in France the error is too far spread that science is doing nothing. No sacrifices are made in order to carry on scientific researches, and there are no practical results from what is done. "This is a perpetual source of astonishment for all those who observe the intellectual movements of our country. The Germans, who already know us too well, have not ceased manifesting very often their opinion on this subject." As early as 1826, Goethe said to Eckermann: "The Frenchman is too positive." And it is this opinion that one of the best-known generals of the Prussian army has also expressed. It does not add that the rule of Louis Napoleon has been sadly detrimental to French science. Government afforded it no aid. The *Jardin des Plantes* has declined wofully, and a "popular" Garden of Acclimatization has received governmental patronage. The *Revue* demands a reform, and points to the government patronage of science in England, and the influence exerted by the British Association in popularizing and also extending pure science.

Music.

The great Beethoven Festival at Bonn seems to have been a memorable event in the history of art, though a correspondent of the *Tribune* (differing from all other visitors whose letters we have read) remarks that as a popular testimonial it did not answer expectations. An interesting account of it has been written by Mr. Carl Wolfsohn, the well-known Philadelphia musician, for the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.* The three notable performances of the festival were the colossal Missa Solennis, the Fifth Symphony, and the great Choral Symphony, all of them gigantic works, and all executed on this occasion with admirable precision and spirit. Of the first Mr. Wolfsohn says that nothing ever made a deeper impression on him, and he considers the perfection of the performance "a musical wonder." Herr Ferdinand Hiller, the conductor, made a little speech of thanks to his orchestra the morning after the performance of the Fifth Symphony, and told them that he had never heard such playing. As for the Choral Symphony, that too was a triumph. "The performance," writes the author of an excellent letter in the London *Spectator,* "was beyond praise. The difficulties—long considered impossibilities—which the artists have to surmount were successfully met, and the members of the orchestra and chorus worked out their complex and varied tasks in such perfect harmony that they seemed like one single organ speaking with the voice of Beethoven." The Choral Finale, according to Mr. Wolfsohn, "produced an effect which will never be forgotten." "Would that all who doubt that symphony," he exclaims, "could have been present, and it would have cured them." But Mr. Wolfsohn is too sanguine. The correspondent of the *Tribune* was one of the doubters, and apparently remains one still. "The choral portions," he says, "were correctly sung; but, *as usual,* they failed to produce any marked impression." The balance of testimony seems to be the other way.

....Mr. Carl Rosa has published an attractive prospectus of the coming season of English opera, showing a remarkably complete and well-balanced company and an interesting list of operas. Among the works to be produced for the first time, or revived after a long slumber, are Cherubini's masterpiece, "The Water-Car

Our Young Folks.

THE MORNING GLORY.

All the day, beneath the leaves,
Keeping cool and fresh and sweet,
Morning Glory sits, nor grieves
That its mother says 'tis meet
"Children should take quiet places
While their betters show their graces."

Dainty bud, it patient sits
Quiet through the starry night,
Seeing that its mantle fits,
Lest a blush of morning light
Find her with some shade undone
In the wonderous hues she's spun.

Then the morning dew awakens
All her beauty with caressing,
And the Bee, erewhile he slakens
Long night's thirst, is soft addressing
Little Morning Glory thus: "Queen
Of the morning, leave thy green

"Bloom upon a world made fair
By thy presence, by thy grace;
Bloom, and let the summer air
Love and kiss, and kiss thy face,
And engulf itself in sweet,
At the Morning Glory's feet."

With permission, then, she's ready,
And her toilet all in order,
And the sun with kisses steady
Melts away the crystal border
Of her robe; and Morning Glory
Comes to tell her own sweet story.

SCOTT.

THE HOUSE THAT RAN AWAY.

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.

It was a baby-house, and in the winter it stood in a corner of the nursery; but when the spring weather came, and the dandelions and green grass, it was pleasant to be out of doors, and then one of the girls would say: "Let us play in the garden." But the other, no matter which had spoken first, would always answer: "No; I wish to stay with the dolls." And they often were cross and called names about it, which was very silly.

Happily, just then, the older brother came home to stay awhile, for it was vacation at his school. One day he was reading behind the parlor curtains, and heard the children outside trying to settle whether they would spend the morning indoors or out; for you must know they were usually together, and were always unhappy when they were separated! Next morning, when they went into the nursery, after they were dressed, to see if the dolls had slept well, and had neither been troubled by bad dreams nor fallen out of their beds, alas! there was no baby-house at all, and the children looked at each other in dismay. One sat down and took out her handkerchief; and the other looked round for her arm-chair, to do the same. It was a great calamity.

"Nobody's kilt!" said cheerful Ann. "Before ye redden your pretty eyes, look out of the window." What should they see, but the elder brother, whose name was Tom, standing by the dear house, and the door house itself mounted upon some wheels which used to belong to his truckle-cart. It was very charming, and the children ran down-stairs and spent their time between breakfast and dinner in dragging it about everywhere. But they soon tired of that, and after dinner walked slowly with it down the long gravel walk through the garden, to the little hill at he end, where the chestnut tree grew, there to set up housekeeping. It was quite a tug to get the heavy house up; but they did it finally. Just as they were beginning to play, they saw the carriage standing before the door, and ran away to have a pond, four or five miles away, and did not get home till nearly bed-time. However, they thought of the baby-house; and one ran out beyond the corner of the great house, and came back with the news that she could not see it, and Patrick must have brought it in. They had their supper, and were nearly asleep before it was half through, and did not even look in at the play-room door, but went straight to bed.

The wisest of the dolls, who had traveled all the way from Paris, said: "They have gone for more playthings." And the others waited patiently for at least half an hour; for they thought everything the big doll said was true.

"There must be company at the house." And they waited again. "They are going to stay to tea," said the wise doll. "It is no matter; the children will leave them and be out soon, and in the meantime let us enjoy ourselves. Shall we have a dance?"

But the children had left the house in a very awkward position for that. The shade of the little chestnut tree was only at the side of the knoll; and so they had drawn the house only part way up, and one end of it was much higher than the other. Besides this, the doll in blue had only one foot; though she was very graceful looking, and had pretended the evening before that she knew all the fancy dances. She said now she would like it of all things; but she had lost one of her slippers and never danced in boots, so that was given up. Then a boy doll said: "Let us play it is winter, and coast." But the great doll was charming in a tarletan ball-dress, and it would not be in keeping with her costume.

And now a sensible doll, with a china head, said: "Let us tell stories." But the Paris doll was contemptuous; she wished for exercise. This was all pretense. The truth was, she felt herself slipping from her chair; and the next thing that happened she fell over on her face and went quite to the other side of the room. She was heavy, and it jarred the house, and the wheels under it moved, and the whole establishment went down over the smooth turf across the gravel walk, and finally stopped in a clump of lilacs.

Some of the dolls screamed and all were terribly frightened; but the moment they were still every one took it as a matter of course. "It is the children," said one. "But why did we not hear them?" "It was an earthquake," said the French doll; and when I put my foot on the floor it felt as the steamer did when I was coming from France.

"It was not in the least like it," said the doll in yellow. But every one knew she was a great liar. She pretended to know more about foreign countries than any one, and always contradicted the Paris doll, who really did not know much about the voyage, after all, as she was all the time in a trunk in the hold. It was a pity they knew the doll in yellow to be untruthful. They would have liked to believe her stories; and now they all said "I don't believe it" as fast as she finished them. She had been given the children by a girl who had outgrown her. And with her came a boy doll, who whispered about this wicked habit of hers the very first day to his next neighbor, and made her promise not to tell; but she did. And when the doll in yellow found that they knew it, her wonders were more marvelous than ever. "For," said she, "they shall at least believe that I have a fine imagination." She had been down behind one of the parlor sofas two evenings while a book of travels was being read aloud, and ever after prided herself upon her journeyings in foreign parts with her first mistress.

The baby-house was in great confusion. The jolting was much worse than when the children had drawn it carefully, and the furniture looked as if the dolls had just moved in, and they themselves were sadly scattered about. One little fellow had fallen off the chair where he had been sitting, and had gone hurriedly into a red tin pail near by, and was now standing on his head in it. He was a boy doll, but there had been no clothes that would fit him; so, though he wore a seal-ring on his little finger and had a large mustache and side-whiskers, it was decided to keep him in petticoats a while longer till his tailor—that is to say, Ann—had a little leisure. His wife had been lying on the floor from the very first, and the great doll now chanced to be just over her, and she was very uncomfortable, and said so frequently; but she was never satisfied with anything, and no one took any notice of her. The doll in green used to be able to cry and open and shut her eyes by means of a spring; but one of the children had one day pulled it all out, which made her back very weak. So when she was not carefully seated her head was apt to fall into her lap, and her figure was very bad; but she was good tempered.

The china dolls were around everywhere, as usual. The children's brother had brought them one day two dozen, all exactly alike. They were about two inches tall, and had dark complexions; and there never was anything which made the children more unhappy than this accession to their family did after a day or two. Not even the strange disappearance of their eleven white mice, which their mother never liked, and it was always supposed the cat did. If they had ever had two dolls which looked at all alike, they took great pleasure in saying they were twins, like themselves; but that was no good now. Ann positively refused to dress more than six of them, and there unfortunately were no young ladies at the house. So they buried a number in the garden, and enjoyed having funerals for a time, until they found Patrick invariably raked them up and brought them back. Finally one of the children tied up seven in her pocket-handkerchief, and dropped them out of the carriage while they were driving to town. Alas! the handkerchief was marked, and she was obliged to give ten cents to a dirty little boy who kindly brought them back.

The untruthful doll in yellow was at the down-hill side of the room before the building moved, and was not disturbed. But the wise Parisian was lying on her back; and, though she still smiled, and held her handkerchief as gracefully as ever, they all knew she was much mortified.

"Can any one see out of the window?" said she. Seven of the china dolls said they could.

"And what is the country like?" said the great doll.

"It is much darker than where we were at first, and there are leaves and branches of trees all around."

"We are in a forest," said the doll in yellow immediately; "and we shall all be robbed and murdered. I have heard frightful stories of robbers; and, do you believe, once I was traveling through some dense woods at nightfall, and I heard a rustling, and a tall man wearing a black mask came out from the bushes. My servant was behind me, on another horse, and had the presence of mind to throw my purse, which he was carrying, directly in his face. It was filled with gold and was very heavy; it must have hurt him severely. He jumped back again out of sight; and my servant picked up the purse, and we rode on. Next day we heard that two men and five women and three children were murdered near there that very night. Was not it a narrow escape?"

"No," said the rest of the family. "What a sad end you will come to if you tell such lies!"

"Now," said the sensible large china doll, "we cannot dance, and it is absurd to think of coasting. Why not tell stories till the children come? They will not rest until they find us; but it may be a long time." No one objected, and the Paris doll was called upon to begin; the doll in yellow first proposing that it be made a rule that no one must tell anything but the truth. And when they all said, 'Certainly, we will not,' she alone was silent.

"I will tell you," said the great doll, "about a friend of mine whom I was very fond of. Her name was Jeanne Hallé, and she lived in Paris. I was at her house a long while, and she treated me very kindly. Her father had been an artist, and I have heard he painted beautiful pictures; but he died when Jeanne was a little child, when he was still young and had put away no money. Madame Hallé went away from their pleasant home, to live in some rooms up ever so many flights of stairs. A man who had known her husband gave her work to do, coloring dolls' faces, and she earned money enough, with the little she had of her own, to live quite comfortably; and this went on until Jeanne was nearly fourteen, and could help her a great deal. Then the mother had a terrible fall, and was ill a long time; and the doctor said she must not paint any more for some months at least.

"Jeanne could not go to school any more; and, one morning, while Madame Hallé was sleeping, she took some dolls which she had painted herself, even to their eyelashes, and went to the manufacturer's. And they were done so nicely that he said immediately she might take her mother's place; though, of course, she could not color quite so many at first. Then every week a boy came with a great wicker basket full of us, without any complexions at all; and carried it away filled with beau——dolls, just like me. The employer chose me because I was most nicely done, and told her to keep me awhile for a pattern, until she had become more experienced. So for many weeks little Jeanne worked away busily, and I used to sit upon the table and watch her. After a time she could do quite as well without looking at me; but I think she had grown fond of me, and I am sure I had of her. She had no time to play with me; but she used often to talk to me, and she dressed me with great taste.

"One day she went to her employer's to be paid, and was gone so long that we were very much frightened. It was dark when she came in; but such an interesting story as she had to tell us! While she was waiting in the shop, a gentleman who was waiting too looked at her a great deal, and at last spoke to her. He was an artist, whom every one talked about, and said that he wished her for a model in a picture he was painting. Her employer told her to go with him, and told the artist about her; so she went to his studio, and looked at pictures while he painted a little. He had known her father long ago; and she was to go again the next day, if her mother was willing. He would pay her enough, he said, more than to make up for the time taken from the dolls. I used to miss her, and so did her mother, who was now growing so well that she began to paint again a very little. After the first picture was finished, the artist began another; and one day, while Madame Hallé was out, and little Jeanne working away busily at a doll's eye, she said: 'Don't you tell, dolly dear; but some day I mean to be an artist, like Mr. Philip and my father. I shall paint beautiful pictures, and you may be in one.' I knew she could if she tried; but I did not say so, for fear of making her conceited, and I looked as if I had not heard her.

"It was not long after this that one day she came home early, and her mother was not there; and Jeanne took the kitten and me and her little pots of paint and went into her own little room. Then she opened a drawer, and took out some worn brushes and some old paints, which I suppose had been thrown away at the studio, and began to paint a picture of us. I had wondered what she wanted the kitten for. It was a long time before the picture was done, for sometimes it was days before Jeanne had time for painting and sometimes the kitten would run away; but at last it was finished, and she was so delighted. It was very pretty—a capital likeness of both the kitten and me. I was sitting in a chair, and she was striking me with her paw, looking very cross. The next day Jeanne carried the picture away with her, under her cloak; and, dear me, how happy she was when she came back! The artist was with her, and poor Madame Hallé was surprised and delighted to hear him say the child had a great deal of talent and would be a fine animal painter. The end of it was that some rich woman offered to pay her expenses at a school of design. The day it was settled, Jeanne caught me up and kissed me. But, alas! next morning the boy came for the dolls that were finished; and Madame Hallé, knowing, I suppose, that I was not Jeanne's own, and having no use for me herself, took off my dress and sent me with the rest. Ah! I was so unhappy. I think Jeanne would have kept me always, and must have been sorry. I wish every day I knew whether she is happy and is a famous artist yet; but I suppose I never shall. After I was dressed in these clothes I was in a shop-window a day or two before I was sold; and I saw her go by. She had grown taller and looked contented."

All the dolls said, "That is a charming story," but the doll in yellow, who was disappointed, for she thought some rich relation had found her and was to carry her away to live in a palace. But the rest said it was much better as it was, and then it was so pleasant to know it was true.

"Oh!" said the good-tempered doll in green, "I wish the rag-doll were alive. She knew such interesting stories, and more about old times than any of us. She belonged first to the children's mother, and had been covered nobody knows how many times, my dears! You never knew her much, for she was kept over our heads in the garret a great deal, and was not a talkative person. I was there by accident for a night or two once, and we became great friends."

"Where is she now?" asked the Paris doll.

"One of the china babies told me that the children had a play-house on one of the back-ledges, with some bits of broken china, and made mud-pies, and took Joanna to clean the dishes on; so when they carried her in she was so much soiled that Ann threw her among the rags and sold her to the rag-man. It was wrong; for, though she had so many cotton skins, she was stuffed with bran. I heard her laughing about it to the cook."

"Did I ever tell you?" said the doll in yellow, "what I heard in Ann's basket the other day, when I was waiting to have my overskirt made? It is horrible. There is a crazy black button in one of the partings; a spool told me all about him. Orders to put some other buttons in with him, and they were nearly frightened out of their wits. But luckily one of the children tipped the basket over before he did them any harm; but there's no knowing what might have happened. And, indeed—"

"It is all a wicked lie!" said some of the dolls. And the next minute they were sorry, for they really wished to hear the rest, and the doll in yellow would not say another word.

It was then proposed to give the forlorn gentlemen in the red tin pail a chance to speak. But the sensible china doll said that it would not be at all interesting, as, being upside down, he would, of course, talk backward. Then a pert little china affair, without being asked, began to talk rapidly; but no one listened, and he seemed to feel very ill indeed all night. The green doll said it was late for him to be awake, and he had better finish in the morning. They were all tired after their journeyings, and a number of the little ones had already fallen asleep. They were much worried at being forsaken by the children, and one proposed that some one should keep watch for robbers. No one seemed to hear, however.

Next morning there was great affliction when it was discovered that no one had seen the dolls' house, and it was some time before it was found. Tom saw it first and showed it to the children, and then ran for the surgeon, but found nothing had been harmed or stolen, and all the family well, and saw that it was a pleasant, shady place. So they sat down contentedly under the lilacs, and played with the dolls till dinner-time.

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THE following facts and figures taken from our mail-books prove most conclusively that THE INDEPENDENT is the best advertising medium in the country. We stand ready to verify the same to any advertiser who doubts the accuracy of our statement. We are *astonished ourselves* at this revelation of unparalleled facts and figures made in a recent examination. Advertisers will also bear in mind that THE INDEPENDENT probably circulates — through news a gents, to whom we make large sales—in many places not mentioned on our mail-books. We do not believe that any single newspaper in the State of Massachusetts, either secular or religious, goes into so many towns or to so many post-offices in that state as does THE INDEPENDENT; and the same, we believe, is true of Illinois, and also of *every other Northern State*. In other words THE INDEPENDENT has a wider territorial circulation in each of the Northern States than any other journal, either local or foreign. If a business man, therefore, in Boston or Chicago, wants to communicate with the public in his *own state and vicinity*, THE INDEPENDENT, as will be seen, is by far the best medium. Our crowded advertising columns conclusively show that business men in all directions already appreciate our ability to aid them, and we are not afraid to refer indiscriminately to thousands of such in New York and elsewhere.

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MASSACHUSETTS	666	612
RHODE ISLAND	98	89
CONNECTICUT	392	385
NEW YORK	2,002	2,003
NEW JERSEY	486	315
PENNSYLVANIA	2,566	1,317
OHIO	1,943	1,017
INDIANA	1,257	407
IOWA	1,017	535
ILLINOIS	1,523	887
WISCONSIN	986	493
MICHIGAN	890	610
MINNESOTA	535	216
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From Secretary Seward.

WASHINGTON, 25 May, 1866.

I beg you to accept my thanks for the fine engraving you have sent me of Mr. Carpenter's picture, "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation."

It is a vivid presentation of the scene, with portraits of rare fidelity to nature.

The engraver has been singularly successful in copying it, without impairing or detracting from its excellence in these points.

Faithfully yours,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

From Chief-Justice Chase (late Secretary of the Treasury).

WASHINGTON, May 1st, 1866.

I have just received the engraving of your "Emancipation Proclamation Picture." I do not see that improvement is possible.

Accept my congratulations on your complete success.

As always, your friend,
F. B. CARPENTER, Esq. S. P. CHASE.

From Secretary Stanton.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, }
May 22, 1866. }

Accept my thanks for the artist proof of your admirable painting of "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet."

The work is in every respect that I am capable of judging, entirely satisfactory, and worthy of national admiration, as a fitting commemoration of Mr. Lincoln's great deed. Yours, truly,
EDWIN M. STANTON.

From Secretary Welles.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, }
May 8th, 1866. }

The Engraving, I am happy to see, is amply commended. Some parts are excellent, and all well done.

Some feeling of sadness when I saw it came over me for the great and good man who so interested himself for you, and whom we all love. Very truly yours,
GIDEON WELLES

From Secretary McCulloch.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, May 3d, 1866.

The Engraving is a very elegant one. I have no doubt the picture will be generally approved and greatly admired.

I am, very truly yours,
HUGH McCULLOCH.

From Hon. Edward Bates, late Attorney-General of the United States.

The individual portraits are very life-like. Indeed, I have never seen a group of seven or eight figures all of which so truly presented the originals.

The execution seems to me excellent, and, without any opinion of mine, my dear sir, your work is a magnificent success.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
EDWARD BATES.

From Postmaster-General Dennison.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 3d, 1866.

It gives me very great pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of the admirable engraving from your noble painting of "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet," by our late lamented President.

The approving judgment of the country of the merit of the picture, and the justness of its association with Trumbull's "Declaration of Independence," as a great national painting, which has been so universally conceded, cannot fail to commend the engraving to every truly patriotic American citizen.

Truly yours, W. DENNISON

From Secretary Harlan.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 7, 1866. }

I take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of Ritchie's Engraving from your beautiful painting.

Trusting, my dear sir, that you may live long to enjoy the fruits of your eminent talent, I am truly yours,
JAMES HARLAN.

From Attorney-General Speed.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
WASHINGTON, May 12, 1866. }

In your great picture you have succeeded in bringing out and making the faces show their thoughts. You have not sunk the natural in the heroic, a fault so common that it must be difficult for an artist to avoid it. The naturalness of the picture makes it with me one of the greatest and most beautiful achievements of art that I have ever seen.

The engraving is admirably executed.

Truly yours, JAMES SPEED.

From Senator Fessenden, late Secretary of the Treasury.

WASHINGTON, May 17, 1866.

I have received the Engraving from your picture of "The First Reading." It is admirably done, both in points of finish and faithfulness, and I prize it highly.

Yours, truly, W. P. FESSENDEN.

From Assistant-Secretary Seward.

WASHINGTON, May 19, 1866.

GENTLEMEN:—I beg you to accept my thanks for your admirable engraving of Mr. Carpenter's "First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation."

The fidelity of its portraits enhances the historical interest derived from the subject of the picture.

It must be as gratifying to Mr. Carpenter to find his great work so accurately and beautifully reproduced as it is gratifying to others to find it in a form which permits it to be seen and appreciated everywhere throughout the world. Yours, truly,
F. W. SEWARD.

From George E. Baker, Editor of Seward's Works, and Agent of the State Department.

WASHINGTON, April 30, 1866.

I never did so love and prize a picture as I do Carpenter's, as engraved by Richie. How it grows on me! Everybody who knows anything of art or of the subject is as enthusiastic as I am over the picture. And I observe that the more cultivated the observers are the more they admire it. The Secretary of State and his family are among those who are least stinted in their praise of it as a perfect work of art. Sincerely yours,
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HENRY C. BOWEN,
Publisher and Proprietor,
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The Atlantic Monthly.

The standard literary magazine of the country, with a corps of contributors unexcelled by any magazine in the world. "An honor to American literature." We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2.50—and the *Atlantic Monthly* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to the *Atlantic Monthly*) who will send us $5.50; or we will send the *Atlantic Monthly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

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Always rich, racy, and readable, popular alike with old and young, splendidly illustrated, and worthy of its extensive patronage.

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Bold, talented, liberal, attractive writers, fine stories, and every way deserving its high position and great prosperity.

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THE *Companion* is the oldest publication for young people in the country, and is conducted with rare enterprise and ability. It is wide-awake, practical, and high-toned, and in the quality and adaptation of its reading to young people has no superior. Its contributors are among the best writers in the country.

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an Illustrated Weekly of sixteen large handsome pages, for the Farm, Garden, and Fireside, meets with universal favor from all classes of readers in town and country.

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A health journal in the broadest meaning of the word health; including all that relates to physical, moral and intellectual improvement.

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SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and "Six Months at the White House"—price $1 50—postage paid to any person who will send us $3 75; or we will send "Six Months at the White House" as a present to any person who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

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We will present this magnificent unabridged pictorial dictionary—price $10—to any person who will send us the names of six new subscribers, with the money ($15 from any person not in subscribers who will renew his subscription for eight years and pay us $20. This splendid volume, of eighteen hundred and fifty pages, is becoming more and more popular wherever the English language is spoken, and by thousands it is pronounced vastly superior to any other dictionary in the world. It is worth a whole library of ordinary trash, called books, and should be owned and placed on the centre-table for daily consultation and study in *every family.* Our favorable contract with the Publishers enables us to offer it for the trifling effort of obtaining six new subscribers. Reader, if you are destitute, go to work.

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We have concluded arrangements by which we are able to offer this VERY SUPERIOR Clothes Wringer (the cash price of which is $7 50) to any person who will send us the names of three *new* subscribers, with the money, $7 50; or who will renew on old subscription four years in advance, and pay us $10.

This Wringer is sold by those who have tried it to be very simple, and equal to any in use.

WHOLESALE COUNTRY PRODUCE MARKET.

Reported expressly for THE INDEPENDENT, by David W. Lewis, Commission Merchant, No. 62 Pearl street

Commission on Butter, Eggs, Poultry, etc., is 5 per ct. Flour, Grain, etc., 2½ per cent.

Marking-plates furnished when desired.

BUTTER.—Receipts for the week were 17,867 packages, showing an increase of 2,000 packages over last week. The "trade" are only buying in a small way, there is no speculative feeling and no backbone to the market. Fresh Fall-make State and Western Butter is in light receipt and quick taken at quotations. State firkins are very plenty, dull, and lower. We do not hear of any fine Welsh dairies arriving. The Welsh per ice car on Thursday sold at 28 cts. for the best; and stale lots, that have been picked up through the summer, went hard at 24@26 cents, with considerable left over unsold. Most of the Western Butter arriving is poor. The best is sold in a small way at 14, 15, and 16 cents; the balance goes in the cellar, and is salable only at grease prices. We quote:

Orange Co. and Creamery Butter, fresh make	28 @ 35
Choicest Selections or Fresh State Butter	30 @ 32
Fine Welsh Dairies	24 @ 27
Northern Wel

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☞ All communications for the Editorial Literary, News, and Miscellaneous Columns of this journal should be addressed to **The Editor of The Independent, P. O. Box 2787.**

☞ All communications for the Commercial Department to the Commercial Editor; and all business communications from subscribers and advertisers, to **Henry C. Bowen, Box 2787.**

☞ No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for any views or opinions expressed in the communications of our Correspondents.

☞ Manuscripts sent to THE INDEPENDENT cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

The Independent.

HENRY C. BOWEN,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER, AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, September 14th, 1871.

VICTORY ASSURED.

THE long outraged and pillaged tax-payers of New York may take heart of hope. The sky brightens for them. The well-gorged vampires, which have believed their sleeping victim would never awake, may well tremble. He has awaked, and they cannot escape his clutch. "It is only a passing breeze," said the partisans of the Ring a week ago. The *Herald* and the *World* laughed at the popular demonstration at Cooper Hall, and said the excitement would soon blow over. Now they see the very caves of the winds burst open, and a blasting storm of public indignation howling down upon their friends. Wisely they bow before the hurricane. Nay, they already puff out their cheeks like Æolus, and try to direct the blast against two of the victims, that the other two may escape. Said a speaker at that citizens' meeting: "The *Herald* will be all right to-morrow." His prophecy was premature by a day; but a day later we heard it calling on Mayor Hall to throw Tweed and Connolly overboard, and there was no doubt that Mayor Hall himself had provision of the coming storm, and was himself the god that bade his obedient Aeolus to blow. And the *World*, with one of those bursts of honest indignation the luxury of which it occasionally allows itself, at last speaks in words which even we would not wish stronger of Controller Connolly, whose resignation the Mayor now demands: "If he is so mad or so blind as to disregard the firm demand of the Mayor, he will find before night that a scorching and resistless public indignation will make the city too hot to hold him!" Verily, public feeling is aroused when the *World* threatens its friends with mob law.

But why should it not? How can it be helped? The facts are atrocious. On Monday Controller Connolly was to spread before the committee of citizens appointed by the Mayor the vouchers for his disbursements. Sunday evening the watchman of the rooms where they were kept was away from his post for two hours. During that time somebody broke open a pane of glass in the door, opened it, and removed just those vouchers, and nothing else, and cleared out with his bushel basket of plunder. A stray ragman, probably, who saw here a chance to make two and a half cents a pound by his wits! And the people will believe that Connolly—who was a poor man five years ago, but who now owns his millions—suborned the burglar!

And we, too, believe it. 'Tis a confession of fraud—a petty theft to hide a colossal robbery. But as well might a lady's veil attempt to hide the Pyramids! It needs not even a breath to blow away the transparent gauze. Mayor Hall was quick to see how fearfully he was compromised, and hastened to issue his letter to Connolly requesting him to resign, only because he had not the legal power to eject him. And, if he refuses to comply within twelve hours, the leading Democratic paper in this city threatens that the city shall be "too hot to hold him." Before this reaches our readers they will know whether the Controller has resigned or has been lynched.

We have, then, just begun the siege and already the enemy confesses defeat. They challenge us to send a scouting party, and before it appears they blow up their outer works, and shoot shrapnel at each other. Hall and Sweeney begin intestine battle against Tweed and Connolly. We have not yet thrown up our first parallel. Only a single doughty champion, John Foley, one of whose gold pens blushed to sign the fraudulent city warrants, charges alone on the host to wipe out his handiwork's disgrace, and their entire camp is thrown into confusion. Even Barnard, their trusted warder, opens the gates to the foe. The grand army of citizens is ready to follow up the attack, and their generals, on the day we go to press, will develop the lines of attack, which will be pressed with unflinching vigor. They will include civil suits and criminal suits. The governor of the state will be appealed to for relief, and the next legislature for an immediate repeal of the city charter. But even before the battle opens the enemy is fleeing. We are told that one of the heaviest contractors has left the country; and we would not be surprised if Tweed and Connolly should leap to follow him, if not immediately arrested. Let no moment of delay be allowed them. An outraged people, who want and will have justice, and who somewhat prefer to gain it through the forms of the law, insist that the law's sharpest and swiftest remedies be applied. We owe it to our boasted principles of government, not yet perfect in its details, to prove that a republic which could triumphantly overcome the stoutest combination of force will not be strangled by the coiled Rings that have wound about our public treasuries and legislatures. Our faith in the people of the country has never failed. Our faith in the power of an honest public sentiment here in this metropolis—so alien to the rest of the country in its Irish population, its Catholic religion, its ignorance, and its clustering vice—is gaining strength. They tell us Paris is France; and when they looked on the beauty of their capital Frenchmen used to be proud of the proverb. In Europe they have also believed that New York is America. It is generally all the America they know; and we have felt ashamed. We see the gloaming of a day when we too may be as proud of our metropolis as France now is ashamed of hers.

FRANCE AFTER THE EMPIRE.

PRÉVOST-PARADOL, in one of his latest writings, compared France to a tree on the banks of a stream, the heart of which was eaten out with rottenness, while its bark was still entire, and its top crowned with verdure every year as in the fair days of its youth. Of course, such a state, as well as such a tree, was doomed to fall, and its fate could be only a question of time. Having this melancholy opinion of the present and future of his country, it is the less surprising that a man who had left the pleasant paths of literature for the thorny ways of politics at the very moment they were leading to destruction should have sought a refuge from the evil to come in suicide. It was not a brave action, and it would have been wiser in him to have faced life and the coming years, and helped, if help were possible, to revive the decaying nation, and to give a renewed date of being to the tree of state. But comparisons drawn from natural objects to illustrate human conditions can never be entirely apposite. A rotten tree must die and fall by the necessary course of Nature. A corrupt state must fall and die also when the corruption has so pervaded it that there is no soundness in it. But the elements of life and death in the two cases are as different as matter and mind. A tree, like the bodies of the individuals which make up the state, is composed of mortal particles, which must perish and dissolve. The body politic, the mortal particles of which are forever renewing themselves, and the human hearts from which proceed the issues of its real life never being extinct, has no inevitable limits to its duration. There is no reason why a well-organized nation, governing itself by laws conformed as nearly as mortal frailty can devise them to the divine laws, should not endure as long as the earth endures.

If it be true—as, of course, it is—that the kingdoms of this world as well as the Kingdom of Heaven is within us, and that external institutions are but the projection of internal feelings and opinions into time and space, M. Prévost-Paradol might well have been discouraged for the restoration of France to a nominal state of life and vigor, had he had the courage to live rather than to die. It does seem as if so many centuries of abnormal conditions concluded by the twenty years of the Second Empire, concentrating in itself the corruptions of a century, had eaten out her heart and her brain, and reduced her to a vacillation which is usually the forerunner of decrepitude. The recent prolongation of the powers of M. Thiers, taken together with the debates which preceded it, is a new evidence of the procrastinating uncertainty of purpose which has too often marked the conduct of the French nation when a lucky chance had put its destinies into its own hands. The Assembly which has thus invested M. Thiers with the supreme power had no legal authority to do anything of the kind. It was created to make peace, and take the initiative for summoning a constitutional convention, as we should call it, to arrange the future government of France. But, in the first place, it had the power in its hands, and was indisposed to lay it down; and then each of its various divisions, representing every shade of opinion from Absolutism to Communism, feared that one of the others, or a combination of two of them, might get the upper hand, and make their own schemes impossible. And so, after the monarchical and moderate republican coteries had in vain solicited the Duc d'Aumale to accept the post, they all agreed to take a man whom none of them liked and few of them trusted, because of his consummate ability and of the popular prestige which this and his literary fame have given him. It was, perhaps, the best thing they could do, being what they were, as a stop-gap of revolution—a breathing time for the nation, before beginning to fight again, either with a neighbor or with itself.

But all this is not hopeful for a true republic. The great obstacle in the way of the establishment of such an one in France is simply the lack of republicans. The name does not create the thing, any more than the cowl makes the monk or the baptism the Christian. The essential element of a republic seems to be inherently foreign to the French human nature. We mean the submission of the minority to the majority when its will is authentically ascertained. As soon as a government has been set up, the minority begin to cabal and conspire to overthrow it and to replace it with one which they shall control. And it is nothing strange that it should be so. For nine hundred years since Hugh Capet founded the Capetian line, and for centuries before his time, the only self-command taught by the institutions under which Frenchmen grew up was that of implicit obedience to orders. After the immemorial line of order-givers was overthrown, ninety years ago, came Robespiere, the Directory, Napoleon, the Bourbons, the Orleans dynasty, the Republic, and then Louis Bonaparte. Change upon change, but only change of masters; and that effected by a mob or a massacre in the capital, without recourse to the millions of the provinces, excepting to register the decrees of Paris. And the latest tyranny the worst and most corrupting of all. Contempt of law and the forms which are its robes, and adoration of success however gained, the lesson it taught and left behind!

> *"Pouvres troupeaux, nous passes sous d'ennes,*
> *D'un long penant nous un joug inhumain!"*

as Beranger sadly sung while he was doing his best to magnify the Napoleonic legend, not foreseeing the fatal consequences of that superstition. It may be that the valley of humiliation through which France must pass to anything like her former greatness may furnish the education into self-control and self-denial which make up the essence of a true republic. If, instead of nursing her hatred of Germany, and airing it in empty and absurb threats, she sets herself to work to earn money wherewith to pay her debts and re-establish her industrial prosperity, reforming her vices and curtailing her expenses of vanity by the exercise of a virtuous economy, she may yet come to be a republic in fact as well as in name. Otherwise she will not long remain either the one or the other.

AFTER THE VACATION.

THE summer rest is nearly ended, and the pilgrims who have sought repose in the country during the heated term are thronging home by every train. The number of those who forsake the city in the summer is steadily increasing. It is probable that a larger proportion of our urban populations has been out of town during the past two months than ever before. Yet we do not hear that the great watering places have been more crowded than usual; and the inference seems to be that our people are learning wisdom in the use of their vacation time, and, instead of seeking the haunts of the trifiers and the spendthrifts, are going apart into the country places, where the rest and quiet that they need may be found. Throughout New England many farm-houses of the better class are opening to receive summer guests from the city; and, while they do not always offer all the modern improvements, they do generally give ample room, wholesome food, fresh air, and the soothing silence of the summer fields. Not much midnight oil is burned in these country boarding-houses; and the city folk, who are accustomed to late hours at home, are usually tired enough with their tramps afield to follow the country fashion, and go to bed a little after "early candlelight." As a rule, they are asleep at nine o'clock, and awake again in time to see the glory of the sunrise and hear the matinee of the birds. A month or two of such life as this will do wonders for the jaded toilers of the town. Not only in body but in mind are they refreshed. The daily communion with Nature and the intercourse with the simple and solid country people cannot fail to guide them toward a truer and sweeter life.

But from their summer quarters—whether in the homes of the farmers or the hotels of the watering places—the citizens are now returning, and the work of the year, that has been intermitted for a time, is beginning in earnest. Business men, who went away a few weeks ago badly worn, are coming back fresh and blithe, and eager to mix again in the bustle and turmoil of the city life. Those churches which have been closed are opening their doors; and in the few which have been kept open, and which have been filled during the vacation Sundays with stay-at-home strays from other churches, familiar faces are again appearing.

Is it not a good time for a new departure in the Christian life and work of individuals and of the churches? The merchants are preparing for a brisk and vigorous fall trade; the professional men are devoting themselves with new diligence to their labor; all classes of workers are girding themselves for renewed exertion; is it not reasonable, also, to expect that the great affairs of the Master's service will share in the new activity and enterprise of the people? Is the increased vigor which the vacation has given all to be expended upon our work and consumed in our enjoyments; or is part of it to be turned to account in doing the Lord's business?

Some duties are urgent at this season. The Sunday-school class, which has been scattered during the vacation, must be hunted up and brought together again. It seems an infinite pity that Sunday-schools should be closed in the summer. The great majority of the scholars remain in the city, and the shutting of the doors of the cheery Sunday-school rooms is to them no small grief. Hundreds of them are drawn during the vacation into other ways of spending the Sunday; and are never reclaimed to the school. But that is the task before every returning Sunday-school teacher—to go after the lost lambs, and bring back every one of them.

The sick and the needy, who were objects of your care before you went away, must be revisited. "The poor ye have always with you" while you are in the city; but when you go into the country you leave them behind. While you have been drinking the sweet breath of the meadows, these poor people have been gasping in the stifling air of the alleys. A few of them have reaped the benefits of the "Fresh Air Fund" of dear Doctor Muhlenberg—

> "O! blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head."

But to the most of them the glory of the summer has only been a remembrance. Seek them out, then; and, if you cannot show them some token in fruits or flowers of the beauty that their eyes have not seen, at least, carry to them some of the blitheness and good cheer with which birds and brooks and summer breezes have filled your own heart.

The prayer-meeting has need of you. Let no vain excuses keep you from your place in that assembly. Fail not to report for duty the very first week after your return. You ought to have some message from your place of rest—some testimony of the grace of Him who is with us in our journeyings as well as in our homes. But, whether you have any such communication to make or not, let your place be filled, and your voice be joined with the voices of them that worship. If your attendance upon the prayer-meeting is to be prompt and punctual for the coming year, it cannot begin too soon.

Some of the members of the churches now returning from the country will have no Sunday scholars to seek, no sick poor to revisit, no vacant place to fill in the prayer-meeting, for the reason that hitherto they have been only "honorary members" of the churches, and have known nothing of actual Christian service. In the work of the Sunday-school, in the charitable labors of the church, in the worship of the prayer-meeting they have borne no part. The have a name to live, but their lives are fruitless. Is it not a good time for such as these to take a new departure? Are they content with a nominal membership in the Church of God? Have they heard no voice from the world that lieth in wickedness, bidding them work while the day lasts? Is the coming year to be as the past years have been—full of gain and frivolity, empty of true reward and enduring peace? Is there not need, O faithless and untrue disciples, that you should soon begin that work for which you were called into the kingdom, if, indeed, you have been called? You have just come back to your seat in the sanctuary, to your place at the sacramental altar. Do these solemn services of the Lord's house mean anything to you? Translate their meaning, then, into the current speech and common acts of your daily life, and let us hear from you some clear witness in loving works to the faith that is in you!

NOT QUITE HONEST.

THE INDEPENDENT has gladly called attention, in former years, to the great activity visible in Harvard University, and especially to the important experiment of university or post-graduate lectures. We see with pleasure that these courses are to be renewed during the ensuing year, with a better show of names and subjects than ever. There are to be lectures by Lowell, Child, Bocher, Sophocles, Goodwin, Perry, Greenough, and Anderson, on various points in language and literature; by the Peirces, on mathematics; by Gray, Wyman, J. D. Whitney, Cooke, Brewer, Hagen, Allen, J. B. Perry, Trowbridge, and Shaler, on the natural sciences; by La Farge and Perkins, on art; and by Dunbar, S. Eliot, and O. W. Holmes, Jr., on other matters.

In view of these fair prospects, and of the general rejuvenation of Harvard University, it is a pity that there should be a single point in its announcements which looks insincere or lays it open to the suspicion of clap-trap. Our oldest university should, at least, base itself upon one-third of the famous Persian curriculum; and, if it does not teach riding or shooting, should, at least, set the example of speaking the precise truth. But truth is a thing complete in itself; a single persistent misstatement vitiates and destroys it. *Falsus in uno falsus in omnibus.* A fortress is proverbially no stronger than its weakest point; and there is one point so exceedingly weak in the position of Harvard University that we are surprised to see a new academical year opening and this point still unguarded.

In the *Nation* of August 29th, 1871, we find an advertisement, covering a whole page, of which we extract only the opening lines:

> "HARVARD UNIVERSITY, *Cambridge, Mass.*, comprises the following departments:
>
> Harvard College;
> The University Lectures;
> The Divinity School;
> The Law School;
> The Lawrence Scientific School;
> The School of Mining and Practical Geology;
> *The Episcopal Theological School;*
> The Medical School;
> The Dental School"; etc., etc.
>
> (Five other departments are enumerated.)

The italics in the above announcement are our own. What is "The Episcopal Theological School"?

It is an institution established in Cambridge which has absolutely no more organic connection with Harvard University than has the New York "Sorosis" or the "Literary and Scientific Conference" just established by the Signora Torriani, at Milan. In the two pages allotted to this school in the last annual Harvard Catalogue the name of the president of the University does not once appear. Of the five trustees and the six visitors and the four professors not one has any official connection with Harvard University. Neither the president of that institution nor any one of its professors has even the authority to visit this alleged "department" of it, except by the courtesy of its custodians, as he might visit Bunker Hill Monument. If the trustees choose at any moment to lock him out, he has not even the official right to remain on the door-step, against their will; but can only (as Lowell said of the excluded officials of the Albany Observatory) "admire the keyhole's contour grand" from a distance. This result may be in the highest degree improbable, but so it seemed at Albany, till it happened; and, at any rate, its possibility excludes all theory of organic connection between the institutions.

It is true that the students of the Episcopal Theological School have the use of the Harvard College library and are admitted to lectures. But these are privileges which are or might be extended to any number of individuals or institutions, without giving them the slightest organic connection with the University. All "professors in colleges or professional schools" are allowed to attend the University lectures; but it does not appear that they are included in the sum total. By an ancient tradition, the privileges of the library were allowed to the clergy within ten miles of Cambridge; but they were not counted into the aggregate. It is perfectly within the power of the University authorities to extend the privileges of their library and lectures to the students of the Cambridge High School, or of Tufts College, or of the Baptist Theological School in Newton; but it would be simply absurd to assume that this made either of these institutions a "department" of the University.

There can be no departmental relation where there is no organic connection and no shadow of official control. As easily might Congress attempt to annex Santo Domingo by extending to all citizens of that island the use of the Conecssional Library and the inestimable privilege of hearing the debates in Congress. Of the thirteen other departments advertised by Harvard University, each has, at least, a minimum of organic connection. In every case the president of the University is president of the faculty, and only two departments are even held by separate trustees. One of these—the Museum of Comparative Zoology—"is controlled by the faculty," and "the Lawrence professor of zoology in the Scientific School is *ex officio* curator and charged with the direction of the scientific and educational interests of the Museum." In the other case—the Peabody Museum—the department is not yet organized; but, by the instrument of trust, the professor who is to have charge of the collections and deliver lectures can only be appointed by "the president and fellows of Harvard College," though he is to be nominated by the trustees. It is possible that even this arrangement may prove a bad precedent; but the step from this "department" to that of the "Episcopal Theological School" is that from an unsatisfactory organic connection to none at all.

There is no reason why there should not be an Episcopal Theological School which should form a department of Harvard University; but we fail to be convinced that there is any such thing now. We have no wish to press the responsibility on any particular individual; and we will not assert, as a cold and uncharitable world will be apt to say, that it is a mere undignified bid for the support of a highly respectable denomination of Christians. We only call attention to the extreme inaccuracy of the statement itself, and urge that this great institution should bring down all its assertions to the level of the simple truth. If the "Episcopal Theological School" is not in any sense a department of the University, it is better not to call it such. There should be a distinction preserved between the Harvard Catalogue and the Cambridge Directory.

WHAT SCHOOL?

THE summer is over, the vacation is ending, and many fathers and mothers are reminded that some school must be selected for their children in the coming year. To some the selection seems a matter of indifference, to some an inevitable bother; too few give it sufficient care or thought. Oftentimes a father packs off his son to a boarding-school whose name alone is familiar to him, with scarcely more examination into its real merit than a trader gives to the credit of a customer to whom he sells a bill of goods. Yet the father loves his son, misses him sorely in his absence, is anxious about his progress, and welcomes him home with open arms when vacation comes round again. He is a victim to the kind of bad reasoning contained in the saying that "all deacons are good, but there's odds in deacons." He believes that all schools are good, and so that he is safe in patronizing any. And he believes, further, that some schools are better than others; but, from want of time, want of education, want of confidence in his own judgment, or some other excuse, feels himself incompetent to make a choice. But, as an extended acquaintance with deacons shows that some do not justify the first half of the proverb about them, so there are schools worse than none at all. Dotheboys Hall went rapidly to ruin under the assault of Dickens's sarcasm; but no Dickens has yet explained the practical working of "The Minerva Young Ladies' Seminary," or Mr. Squeezum's "Select Family School for Boys." The American Squeers is in some respects an improvement on the Yorkshire one. His manners are better, he has a smattering of various branches of knowledge, and he moves in respectable society; but his knowledge and politeness form only a thin covering over his ignorance and rapacity, and he is actuated by the genuine Squeers principle of getting as much out of and letting as little into his pupils as is possible. In his establishment there is much high-sounding talk and little performance; many studies, but not much study; and a spare diet is supplemented by a full termbill.

The worst thing about Mr. Squeezum is that he does mischief not only directly by his own sins; but contrives to ignore, also, the reputation of men and schools of deservedly good standing. Almost anything, from patent pills to a wardroom politician's honesty, can get "endorsed" among us, and Mr. Squeezum has plenty of testimonials. Men of his profession give him the right hand of fellowship too readily, knowing some good things about him and good naturedly shutting their eyes to his vices. It is in this way that boarding-schools get so closely associated in the public mind with scanty diet and poor teaching; and flushing schools with the semblance of instruction, instead of the reality. A good school of either kind is just as possible, if not so common, as an honest lawyer, or a doctor who does not kill his patients; and, so far as the average standard of either is low, it is largely the fault of the ignorance or negligence of their patrons. In teaching, as in any other business or profession, the supply is made to meet the demand, and nothing will be furnished better than is asked. If a man who wishes to make money by keeping a school finds that he succeeds with poor teaching, liberal advertising, and a pretentious circular, he is not likely to change his policy. The people who send their children to such a man do two wrongs at once: they injure their children, by subjecting them to bad training; and they injure the cause of education, by supporting a quack.

And why should so many keep their children from the public schools, and send them to private ones? Every one who has compared them knows that private schools, as a class, have more faults than public ones—at least, wherever there is a tolerably well regulated school system.

The public schools in many sections of the country are most excellent places of education in the things they teach. They excel in having a definite system of instruction, which private schools too often lack; in thoroughness of teaching and in freedom from hobby-riding, which infests private schools everywhere. But common schools everywhere have their faults also. Their system works with a too mechanical precision, and too often becomes a mold, instead of a guide. Private schools have greater possibilities in the greater freedom they do have and the wider scope they ought to have; and, were common schools much more perfect than they now are, there would still be a large field for private instruction.

It is too much the fashion, however, to look on common schools as if they were intended for the poor alone, while the rich are expected to educate their children at their own expense. But it is the fundamental idea of the public-school system—and one of the strongest supports of democratic institutions also—that a certain amount of education shall be furnished at the common expense to all; and it is almost the first duty of the wealthy and cultivated citizens, when the common schools are not good enough, to make them so good that they will have no reluctance to send their children thither.

The great majority of parents can have little option as to the place where their children shall be educated; but those who are able often need to make a selection, and for them how to choose is a most important question. No rules can be laid down, any more than rules can be given for selecting a route for travel; but, considering how all-important to their future lives the school-training and associations of children are, parents ought to give careful attention to their choice. They should examine personally the schools recommended to them, and not trust to the vague prospectus and the flattering testimonials. Very likely they may not think themselves competent to decide between different schools. Then they should have some one make the investigation for them who is competent, for nothing but a personal interest will insure that this business, more than any other, is properly attended to. And cannot even a busy man afford to give a week or a month, if necessary, to the choice of influences which are to shape his son's future career? In every sense it is wise and economical to take time enough at the start; for, if children were put on the right track at first, their subsequent education comes as a development, and presents no problems to be solved. It is harder work to unlearn a year's bad instruction than to make two years' progress on the road to knowledge. If parents will treat this matter with the common sense with which they manage the ordinary affairs of life, only with a realization of the importance and difficulty of the question, we shall soon have better schools, and by and by fewer badly-educated men and women.

CITY CHARTERS.

THERE is a very general conviction among all honest men that radical measures must be taken to reform the government of New York City. Its history under the management of the Tammany Ring has been one of such glaring corruption in politics and such stupendous frauds in finance that all the better classes cry out not only for the displacement of the officials who have plundered and robbed the city, but also for such a reconstruction of its government as will protect the people in the future. It is not sufficient to get rid of the present rulers, even if this were accomplished; since others equally bad might succeed them. Something more radical than a mere change of men is needed. The question as to what this something shall be, and by whose agency it shall be furnished, is the leading problem of the hour. One of the speakers at the great meeting in Cooper Institute proposed that the citizens of New York, by an enabling act of the legislature, should elect a constitutional convention to frame a charter for the government of the city; which, being adopted by the people, shall become its fundamental law.

Mr. Charles Nordhoff suggests that the legislature itself should abolish the present charter, and construct another that will make the local government of the city "directly responsible to the people whose interests it touches." He would have a mayor invested with the appointing power in respect to all his subordinates, and also a large common council—both chosen for one year—as constituting the executive and legislative authority of the city, with a judiciary designated by the mayor, with the consent of the common council, and holding office for life, or during good behavior. The state, having granted this charter, should then let the city alone, and leave it to work out its own destiny, on the theory of self-government, subject only to the general provision that the legislature may at any time alter or revoke this charter.

The views presented by these gentlemen, though somewhat different, raise an elementary question in respect to the nature and organization of cities. What are cities in the American sense? Are they sovereignties, dominions, or empires, bounded by territorial limits which define the extent of their jurisdiction, and governing themselves independently of other communities? Or are they simply parts of a greater whole, and, like all other parts, subject to the general authority which presides over the whole? The latter, we take it, is the true idea of an American city. The people of a city are merely a part of the population of the state, compactly crowded together, yet no more independent of the state than those who live in rural districts. A city must be either a state, or the legal creation of state authority, having such an organization as the state may appoint, and being invested with such special local powers as it may choose to confer. Any plan which virtually proposes to turn cities into separate and independent communities in the management of their own affairs is just so far fatal to state authority over them and divorces them from its jurisdiction.

The people of the State of New York are not prepared to concede to the City of New York this extreme theory of self-government. There is no reason why it should be applied to a city that would not equally justify its application to a school district, a town, or a county. Carry out the principle, and the state as an integral whole, embracing several parts, and wielding its authority over all these parts, becomes an impossibility. We believe in the doctrine of self-government for cities, with appropriate qualifications and limitations; but we do not believe in their right to govern themselves as distinct communities, except so far as they derive this right from the state, and exercise it in subjection to its authority. The state has the same right to govern the city that it has to govern the country, and is equally bound to exercise it for the good of both.

The people of the state should hold fast to the old American theory of "charters," granted by the legislative authority of the community, of which cities are simply a part—giving to them their municipal existence, defining their powers, naming the agencies for the execution of these powers, and so limiting their self-governing action as always to make it subject to the general laws of the state. There is no prospect that, if the City of New York, for example, cannot manage its local affairs wisely with this help from and dependence upon the state, it will do any better if the state should practice toward it the "let alone" policy. If the character of its population be such that self-government under a charter is a failure, the "let alone" policy would never improve its condition. The legislature, representing the whole people, including the inhabitants of New York City, is the proper constitutional convention to provide a government for the city, repealing the present charter, and substituting another that will better answer the purpose. The city must be governed, and that, too, under a charter emanating from the authority of the state; and if, after repeated trials, it shall be a demonstrated fact that the people of New York cannot govern themselves under such a charter, then it will be the duty of the legislature to treat them as "the wards of the state," and give them a local government in the name and by the authority of the whole people. Things have not yet quite come to this pass; and we hope they will not. Yet the state, acting through the legislature, must hold the city in its hands and assert its power over it, even if it has to give it appointed officers, instead of those who are elective.

The committee of seventy appointed by the Citizens' Meeting would do a wise thing if they were to remit this question of a charter for the City of New York to a special committee, whose duty it should be to make a draft, which should be submitted to the next legislature as a suggestion. There ought to be wisdom enough in this body of men, and we believe there is, to throw at least some light on this subject. How shall New York be governed? This, now a prominent topic among the thinking classes in the city and the state, will be the leading question before the next legislature; and, to supply the surest guaranty that it will be wisely and well answered, the people ought to be represented by their ablest and best men. Political tricksters and gamesters should stand in the rear, and let solid talent, broad experience, and real worth come to the front. Though we feel not a little doubtful as to the elective action of New York City itself, owing to the dominancy of the Irish Catholic vote, we have great confidence that the people of the whole state can and will choose a legislature that will be competent to meet the crisis. The success of the Republican party in this state will, of course, be desired and sought by every true Republican; and yet it is of the very first importance that the machinery of local government in New York City should be thoroughly reformed.

Editorial Notes.

WE are so used to being slandered that it often seems quite an appetizing pepper-sauce. It is not to be expected that those whose vices we scourge will be the first to kiss the rod; and, if that delectable city paper which calls itself the *Sun* should intermit its abuse of President Grant, Horace Greeley, and other good men, to praise us, we should begin to fear that some fatal spell had been laid on our conscience and was leading us astray. We can boast of no such personal grounds of animosity as exists in the case of the President. We have refused no man the collectorship of the port of New York, nor is it one of our editorial children who now feels constrained to repay favors with his accustomed ingratitude. We have done that poor nothing worse than to refuse its request to urge our friends to patronize its advertising columns; and yet the *Sun*, as brazenly innocent as Connolly was the day after his vouchers had been conveniently stolen, would display its own impeccability by reading us a lecture on the business management of THE INDEPENDENT! When its abuse ceases to help Grant and Greeley, we may begin to feel concern at its attacks on us. It is only because its falsehood is so gross that we notice it. The *Sun* does not like it that the Mutual Life Insurance Company, that noble "institution, which stands at the head of its class in Europe and the United States," should do what all other large corporations "of its class" are doing—viz., advertise in this journal. It says we agreed to print in April last 75,000 of the "annual report" of this institution and circulate the same, etc. False. The "annual report" of that excellent and popular corporation had appeared weekly in our advertising columns (and in numerous other papers) for nearly *two months* previous to that date, and in a condensed form *every week ever since.* The assertion that we did not fulfill our agreement with the Mutual Life Insurance Company is equally false; so is also the statement that the 75,000 copies, containing a "history" of that great concern, failed to reach the parties to whom they were addressed. We have the best of evidence in regard to that matter in *black and white* from a source which can silence the *Sun*, or any other slanderer. And, now desiring to do good as we have opportunity, we hereby offer one hundred dollars to the American Home Missionary Society—one of the very best institutions "of its class" in the world (whose peculiar vocation it is to preach the Gospel to big sinners at home, where the *Sun* sheds its rays)—if the *Sun* will allow Horace Greeley to examine its books and publish the facts in regard to its average weekly circulation during the present year. Since it has ceased to "shine" forth these facts, in figures, at the head of its editorial columns we have begun to fear for its health. These are unhealthy times for thieves and their defenders. We are about as anxious for you as for your masters of the Ring. Will you accept our offer? But our money is safe, we fear. The *Sun* would not like to listen to the Home Missionary Society's style of preaching, nor help its treasury.

THE campaign against Tammany opened immediately after the Cooper Hall demonstration. John Foley, a private citizen and taxpayer, appeared before Judge Barnard, and applied for an injunction against Hall, Tweed, Connolly, and Sweeny, restraining them from issuing any further bonds, or paying out any money from the city treasury except in payment of the wages of laborers. His petition was supported by allegations that the city authorities had already far exceeded the legal appropriations for the year, and had piled up millions of indebtedness unauthorized by law. Judge Barnard, who seems to have found it time to release himself from the Ring, instantly granted the temporary injunction. On Monday last the defendants appeared before the court to show reason why it should not be made permanent. Tweed pleaded technical excuses for delay; but the other defendants professed to be in a hurry to have the matter investigated and settled. As we go to press the matter is yet in court. It is not easy to prophesy what Judge Barnard will do; but those who know best are confident that he may be depended on, notwithstanding his record. His repudiation that the Controller shall present in court a full account of the city's indebtedness up to the day the injunction was granted indicates no lack of firmness, and the ridiculous theft of the vouchers and the complete breaking up of the Ring would leave the most corrupt judge free to do justice.

IN slippery Dick Connolly the city has had a comptroller who is a model of financial skill. It is confidently asserted that off of his modest salary he has been able in five years to settle on his wife a fortune of some four million dollars; and it is certain that half a million of dollars in registered bonds have just been transferred from her name to that of her son-in-law. And Connolly, is too, a model husband, so fondly shielding his wife from all concern in monetary matters, that she never suspected his wealth nor hers, and unsuspectingly hastened down to a newspaper office to deny that she had made any such transfer or owned any such property! But inquiry at the Treasury Department at Washington proved that the transfer had actually been made by her, or in her name, of two hundred thousand dollars in currency Sixes and three hundred thousand in the new Five Per Cents. And thus she awakes to a knowledge of the fabulous wealth her husband has been bestowing on her and her daughter. Happy wife! Tender husband! But the title of "Slippery," we fear, he must lose. The theft of the vouchers was a very stupid trick, unless compelled by desperation. He may have needed the delay necessary to collate the other books, and thus make out what the vouchers are, while packing his trunks, or transferring to some other Joel Fithian his remaining plunder. How could he have expected any citizen to fail to see the simple ruse? In the language which accompanies the trick of a familiar parlor game, "He can go little who can't do this."

IT is some comfort to know that the thieves have fallen out, and we hope honest men will now learn all the truth. Is it a fact, as a Democratic member of Congress asserts, that since January 1, 1869, the indebtedness of the city has increased by $163,000,000? Now that Mayor Hall has declared war on his confederates, let us have all the facts. But it is of no use for the Mayor to throw all the blame on Tweed and Connolly. He may claim that he has not been enriched by these frauds. Possibly not. But, allowing that, if he was not an idiot he knew that his associates were enriching themselves; and, if he did not share the plunder, he was confederate with the thief. It is too late for tardy prudence. The four men are in the same tub, and must sink together.

THE *Examiner and Chronicle*, answering the saying of the *Nation* concerning Butler, that "Providence sometimes *seems* to use base instruments to accomplish great ends, but seems only," quotes the Scriptures which affirm "surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee, and the remainder of wrath Thou will restrain." The point is well taken as against the *Nation*, but the Scripture affords no reason (indeed, it was not meant by the *Examiner* to afford a reason) why Butler should be elected governor of Massachusetts. If it were possible for men to restrain "the remainder" of iniquity, they might be justified in employing the minister of iniquity; but that is just what they cannot do, and the only safe course for them is to touch not the unclean thing.

DR. BOYNTON, of Washington has been preaching on the treatment of abandoned women; his sermon being prompted by recent movements in that city for the rescue of this class of persons. The doctor argues "that it is only fair that the woman should suffer for her crime while her companion in shame goes comparatively free, as by Nature and position woman has a greater power for good, so if this power be used for evil the just punishment should be the more severe." What manner of doctrine is this for a Christian teacher? Has the Doctor ever read the story of the adulterous woman who was brought to Jesus? There is no doubt that the punishment visited by society upon this class of offenders is in many cases far too severe. Society gives no room for repentance to a woman who has sinned, though she seek it carefully with tears. Certainly, there is no need that anything should be said from the pulpit to strengthen the barriers which have been erected against the flames of such women from the ways of vice. When Dr. Boynton includes that they shall not be permitted to return except through the door of conversion and churchmembership, what does he do but turn the Gospel into a flaming sword with which to stop the passage by which some wayward feet might return to the paths of virtue? But, whatever may be the condemnation visited upon adulterous women by society, we insist that the men who are the partners of their guilt ought to share it. It is not just, it is the most outrageous injustice, which turns the woman out with a curse upon her, and welcomes the man with smiles and flattery to the best society. In nine cases out of ten the man is the greater criminal. The social judgment that makes her the scapegoat of his crimes is a relic of barbarism, and we are ashamed that a Christian minister should be found defending it.

BY an "amateur paper" is meant one conducted for the fun of the thing, by boys or girls, and supported by them—though not technically including the college magazines, which are equally amateur. We confess to surprise at the number of these journals, of which there are as many as seventy-five, as we are informed by J. F. Osgood, of Chelsea, Mass., who is secretary of the "National Amateur Press Association." These papers have their own favorite writers, who contribute serial stories, original humor, or bright essays; and columns are devoted to base-ball, stamp-collecting, and other matters. Not only the writing, but the printing and engraving, is largely done by boys; and in the character of the mechanical work they display, as in the high tone of their editorials, they promise well for the next generation of readers of papers not amateur. We respectfully beg the honor of an exchange with *Our Boys*, of Chicago, the official organ of the N. A. P. Association.

....The part played by the balloon in connection with the late siege of Paris is shown by the following statistics, lately presented to the French Academy of Sciences: Between the 23d of September and the 28th of January last 64 balloons left the city. They conveyed, besides the 64 aeronants, 91 passengers, 354 carrier-pigeons, about 3,000,000 of letters, and a large number of dispatches. Of these balloons five fell into the hands of the Germans, two were lost at sea, and one crossed the North Sea and landed in Norway, after a voyage of about 1,000 miles in 45 hours.

....We learn from the *Congregationalist* that Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson has taken up her residence in Chicago, where, in addition to her literary labors, she will open, in connection with her brother, a store for the sale of books and stationery. It is pleasant to see the hearty way in which the relatives of her late husband stand by her, and the genuine satisfaction they express with the manner in which she is bringing up the family of children entrusted to her. We trust her business, in which we would wish any woman success, will not withdraw her pen from literary labor.

....The correspondent "O," who tried to write down the hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee" in the *Christian Intelligencer*, has got into trouble. "P," "X," and "YY" are after him with long and sharp communications in the same paper; and there is a fair prospect that the whole alphabet will wheel into line and charge upon the unlucky "O." There is some satisfaction in feeling that he deserves his fate, and in knowing that the warm-hearted Dutchmen are swift to resent the act of a narrow sectary, who would sacrifice a beautiful hymn on the altar of bigotry.

....The *Church Weekly* says that it is no more strange that the bread and wine in the Sacrament of the Altar should become the very body and blood of Christ than that prayer should effect the cure of disease or the stay of pestilence. Perhaps the *Weekly* would go still further, and say that it is no more irrational that a Madonna should wink than that disease should be cured by prayer. If not, why not?

....Eight hundred thousand dollars spent for safes by the city, and yet so poorly off was the city for this little necessity that

s Intelligence.

g the Bible to be read in the
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matter, and the following
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ghout Bohemia and Cor-
have started their first news-
has been started for the sup-
ho may be excommunicated
eir business for opposing
al Infallibility. Above all,
standing has been reached
ment shall not rest with
new dogma; but that
of the Church must
e. The laity must
power in the Church,
scheme of church dogma
. Singularly enough, this
to be quite as strong among
Austria and South Germany
rn countries. The Ultra-
in Hungary having threat-
t against Herr Pauler, the
ction, for refusing to allow
n of the dogma, Francis
ff written a letter rebuking
to the shall we hear a fal-
nfallible, and the staggered
he Emperor? The fact is
as professions of the Ultra-
larmed the potentates and
ople; and an opposition to
oused that will not cease till
roken.

r case, which was last week
week dramatic. We read
hat the bishop clothed with
ll majesty and accompanied
nt on Sunday last to the
first church, and there was
Albert Crane, the junior
o proceeded through the
the sidewalk to the vestry
senior warden, Mr. E. B.
ing with Mr. Cheney, who
surplice bands and scarf,
hop. On the Bishop's en-
y stepped forward, and, ex-
d, said: "Good morning,
shop refused to return the
said: "I cannot recognize
in that garb." He then
ordens, and, on their assur-
o his question, that Mr.
or of Christ church, he de-
they claimed that he was a
Diocese of Illinois. They
was not the time or place
of that subject. They then
hat they should in no way
ating, taking the whole or
rvice, as he pleased; that he
services, Mr. Cheney taking
; but that Mr. Cheney must
from the chancel of his own
upon the Bishop read a writ-
e had brought from home
effect that he had been ob-
illment of his duties in a
ither personal respect nor
allowed him to disregard;
of the church had arbitrarily
that he must acknowledge
worthy and competent to
a minister degraded, after
from his office; and that
and compulsion he had "no
native but to submit to the
om the church." Mr. Crane
statements about "force,"
again offered the Bishop the
control of the services, only
Bishop had a right to ex-
uch its own pastor. The
declined to officiate; and,
Dr. Kelly, retreated in good
enemy in possession of the

ic rebellion at Hudson has
h. Bishop Conroy having
ded that the people were
no further resistance would
storate of Father O'Sulli-
to resume his ministry.
ance committee, organized
the persons designated as
ld a meeting, and unani-
to resist his admission to
Hazards. This action was

decided on after consultation with many leading members of the parish. It was claimed that their organization has been greatly strengthened during the suspension of Father O'Sullivan, and that they can defend what they claim to be their rights against any force the priest can array against them. Deep indignation was expressed at the reported action of Bishop Conroy in reinstating Father O'Sullivan; and it was asserted that he had acted in bad faith with them in this matter, and wholly contrary to what they were led to believe he would do. On Saturday evening last a large meeting of the parish was held at St. Mary's Hall, and the action of the vigilance committee on Friday in resolving to resist to the last extremity the reinstatement of Father O'Sullivan over the church was unanimously indorsed. A strong guard was placed around the church Saturday night and Sunday morning; but, contrary to expectation, Father O'Sullivan did not make his appearance, and no services were held on Sunday. A considerable crowd gathered around the church on Sunday during the forenoon, but perfect order prevailed. It was afterward ascertained that Father O'Sullivan telegraphed from Chatham, Saturday evening, to a friend in Hudson, that he would not be present; and the crowd gradually dispersed. The rebels are firm and united in their determination to prevent O'Sullivan, or any of his adherents, from entering the church, at all hazards, and say that they are prepared for any emergency.

....The Brooklyn Tabernacle, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage pastor, enlarged to hold about 400 more people, was rededicated on Sunday last. Rev. Dr. Stephen Tyng, Sen., preached in the morning, and the pastor in the evening. The gratifying announcement was made that the voluntary contribution to the support of the church had been during the year $18,893.82, while the expenses had been $17,383, the income exceeding the outgo by over 1,500. This shows that a free church can and will be supported. The pastor stated that all that remained in the way of their prosperity as a church was a floating debt of $21,000, accrued in the building of the Tabernacle, whereupon the people came up and subscribed the whole amount. Hon. G. DeWitt, of Belleville, New Jersey, a Baptist, offered $400 if a baptistery were put in the Tabernacle. Mr. Talmage gladly accepted the offer, and will hereafter have baptisms who prefer that mode to sprinkling. After the money had been raised, George W. Morgan placed the "Hallelujah Chorus" in the people sang "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and there was such a scene of hand-shaking and congratulation as has seldom been seen anywhere. The pastor will preach a jubilee sermon next Sabbath morning.

....The New York State Convention of Universalists was held in Syracuse, beginning Tuesday, Aug. 29th, and closing on Thursday of the same week. About 60 ministers and a number of lay delegates were in attendance. The State Centenary Committee reported subscriptions to the amount of $20,888. In the state there are 164 parishes of this denomination, only 82 of which reported. These 82 have an aggregate of 3,503 families, with 72 pastors. The net gain of families for the year is 885. Connected with these parishes are 56 churches, with an aggregate membership of 3,085. The net gain in membership for the year was 241. The total value of church property reported, $1,276,000; total debt on the same, $73,853; current expenses reported, $107,219; expended on church edifice, $68,730; in payment of debts, $35,150; devoted to the Murray Fund, $13,078; to schools and colleges, $11,873; to missions and charities, $66,585; total, $332,000. Whenever an annual amount paid by each parish for public worship, $1,185; for all purposes, $2,579. An invitation from the Syracuse University to attend the exercises at the inauguration of the faculty was received and accepted, and a committee was appointed to represent the Convention on the occasion.

....Mr. Muller, of Bristol, England, never asks for money to sustain his Orphanage; but he prints an annual statement of the work he is doing, which is far more effective in securing contributions than any begging circular could possibly be. During the last year he has met with many obstacles in his work; but they have all been overcome. Mr. Muller is at the head of what he calls a "Scriptural Knowledge Institution"; and this has the care not only of the Orphanage at Bristol, but of various schools and missions in other parts of the world. As many as 150 missionaries are assisted from the funds of this society. From the beginning above $2,500,000 has been received by this institution. The erection of the five orphan-houses alone has cost $575,000. The expenses of these houses for the last year were $113,300, and the expenses of all departments of the institution $195,000. For the coming year considerably more will be required. The funds are supplied without solicitation. They never fail to be sufficient, and the greater part of them is given anonymously. During the past year 300 children have been admitted into the Orphanage, bringing up the whole number to 2,033.

....The North German bishops in conclave at Fulda are scolding like a parcel of old women about the "unjust and aggressive policy" pursued toward them by the Prussian Minister, Muhler. Precisely where the aggression comes in it would puzzle an ordinary mind to say—the only offense of Muhler being that he has determined to allow each denomination to shift for itself, entirely divorcing church and state. He has, however, given the bishops notice that they must not persecute the anti-infallibilists; and this is probably what they refer to as his "aggressive" policy.

....A midnight prayer-meeting has been held in the Baptist church at Stonington, Conn., for nearly two years. Every Saturday night a band of Christians, mostly railroad employes, meet for prayer, praise, and conference on the arrival of the steamboat train, and continue the meeting until midnight. As the train comes at nine o'clock, and leaves about one, it gives opportunity for Christians to come from Providence, Westerly, and other places along the road, to help in the meetings. Several conductors and other men on the road have been converted.

....At the recent meeting of the General Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers of Kansas, held at Emporia, a resolution was passed unanimously pledging $25,000 for the erection of permanent buildings for Washburn College, provided the citizens of Topeka would raise $40,000 for the same object. The stipulated amount has been made up at Topeka, and the trustees propose to lay the foundation of the new building during the autumn. Senator S. C. Pomeroy has given the college $25,000.

....The Rev. Mason Gallagher, associate minister with the Rev. Mr. Thrall in Emmanuel church, conducted the services in that church on Sunday last, reading to the congregation a letter addressed to Bishop Potter, in which he withdraws from the Episcopal ministry. Mr. Thrall was absent on Sunday in Chicago, assisting Dr. Conro in the opening of his new church, which is the Union Prayer Book is to be used.

....The New Haven Theological Seminary opened this week with over seventy students. Half a dozen years ago it had scarce ten. The new theological building is overflowing, and it will be necessary almost immediately to complete the quadrangle, of which two sides are finished. The Marquand Chapel will be dedicated in a few weeks.

....Four Presbyterian churches report over 1,630 communicants each: Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, (Dr. Cuyler's), 1,435; Madison Square, New York, (Dr. Adams's), 1,316; Brick, Rochester, (Dr. Shaw's), 1,230; and First Kensington, Philadelphia, (Dr. Beale's), 1,138.

....Dr. Fraser, Bishop of Manchester, has recently denounced the sale of livings in strong language. Nothing, he said, so alienated the Non-conformists or so lowered the ideal of the ministry. True words from the right man.

....Henry Young, Esq., of Sing Sing, has endowed a professorship in the Union Theological Seminary, at Hampden Sidney, Virginia, by the gift of $30,000.

....The value of landed estates devoted to the support of the ministers of the Established Church of England is set down at $150,000,000.

....Mr. David Strang has been taken by the Presbytery of Egypt on trial for licensure.

News of the Week.

COMMISSIONER GURNEY, accredited from England as one of the Board of Arbitration under the Treaty of Washington, sailed from Liverpool for this country on the 9th inst. On the 7th he replied at some length to an address presented him by the people of Southampton, in which he remarked that he hailed the treaty with satisfaction and delight. He said he was not going to Washington as the advocate of British or the opponent of American claims. He had been instructed by his government to treat all claims alike. The question of amount was unimportant. It was better to pay any sum than to raise even a suspicion of unfairness. Mr. Gurney paid a compliment to his colleagues upon the Commission, and said he was sanguine that their labors would be brought to a satisfactory conclusion.....A National Conference is to be held at Birmingham, the sessions of which will begin on the 28th of November, to consider the necessity of reform in the composition and powers of the House of Lords.....A terrible explosion occurred on the 6th inst. in a coal-mine near Wigan, in Lancashire, whereby sixty-nine miners lost their lives.....The ex-Empress Eugénie embarked, on the 9th inst., at Southampton, for Spain, where she will remain about two months, the ex-Emperor Napoleon, in the meantime, making his abode at Torquay.....The submarine cable connecting Hong Kong with Shanghae has broken.

....The fall elections have opened encouragingly for the Republicans. As far as returns have been received we gather that the state election in Maine has resulted in giving a majority of about 10,000 to Perham, the Republican candidate for governor. California has given a Republican majority on the state ticket of about 6,500, and the Republicans have elected all three congressmen. In the City of San Francisco the Taxpayers' party probably elected nearly the whole municipal ticket; but, as a recount was demanded by several of the candidates on both sides, the supervisors have ordered that it be made.....In Wyoming Territory the latest returns give the Republicans a majority of two in the senate, and the Democrats claim the same majority in the house. The Republicans are jubilant over the result, claiming it as a victory for the party and an endorsement of their present administration of the state government.

....In reference to the Gastein and Salzbourg conferences of the Emperors of Germany and Austria the *Kreuz Zeitung* announces the result to be that "Austria and Germany, in repudiating aggressive ideas, will unite closely to repel aggression. Germany wishes to be strong, and the Austrian Emperor and statesmen desire union with Italy." One of the chief objects of the conference appears to have been to unite the two empires in opposition to the machinations of the International Society. In regard to the Roumania question it is stated from Berlin that the German Government, in reply to a Roumanian note, again reminded the cabinet at Bucharest that Roumania was not a sovereign state, and is not entitled to correspond directly with the European Powers. Moreover, it was informed that its note had been communicated to the Sublime Porte.

....The northern forts around Paris are about to be evacuated by the German troops, after which the Army of Occupation will be withdrawn from French territory at the rate of 3,000 per day; the Department of the Oise alone remaining in possession of the Germans until the third half milliard francs of indemnity is paid.....An interview has been arranged between M. Thiers and Prince Gortschakoff, to take place soon, at Lausanne, in Switzerland.....The Assembly has adopted a bill laying the burden of the losses caused by the war on the whole nation, and providing for the immediate distribution of 100,000,000 francs among the sufferers by the insurrection of the Commune.....Several of the females engaged in firing buildings in Paris during the last days of the Commune have been sentenced to death, while others have received sentences to solitary imprisonment in a fortress.

....The Tammany Ring of this city has, at last, broken up and come to grief. Last week Judge Barnard granted a temporary injunction against their further use of the city treasury; and a motion for making the injunction perpetual is now being argued, with a fair prospect that it will be granted. In the meantime, there is dire consternation among the Ring officials. Some of them are placing their property out of their hands; the mayor has officially called on the comptroller to resign his office; and the amazing announcement is made that the comptroller's office has been robbed of many important vouchers, which were to be used in the pending suits against them. The matter is more fully treated in our editorial columns.

....The Administration is exhibiting evidences of a disposition to use the military in quelling the spirit of Ku-Kluxism still manifested in various sections of the South. Troops are to be continued in the disaffected districts, and the companies are to be filled to their maximum numbers, thus largely increasing their efficiency. The larger portion of the infantry service is to be concentrated in the South, leaving the frontier to cavalry defense.....In Russell County, Ky., on the night of the 7th inst., a deputy U. S. Marshal and a party of soldiers made a raid on a Ku-Klux camp, when a fight transpired, in which one soldier was killed and a sergeant wounded. Several of the members of the band were arrested and placed in confinement.

....From Rome we learn that the Clerical party are preparing for a demonstration on the 20th inst., and that the "Reds" are resolved to make a counter demonstration. Trouble is anticipated. The Alfeir Sonnaz threatens to pass the Vatican. Precautions have been taken against the execution of the design; but, in case an attempt should be made and anarchy should ensue, the residence of the Pope will be protected by the flags of the foreign ambassadors..... The Pope has sent a letter to M. Theirs congratulating him upon the continuance of his term of office.....The Papal journals contain severe criticisms upon Napoleonism.

....The cholera epidemic is abating in the Baltic provinces of Prussia. The anxiety which was felt at Berlin and throughout Germany is decreasing, and it is now confidently hoped that the precautions taken, aided by the approach of cold weather, will stay the progress of the disease. The number of cases reported in Königsberg this week is much less than the number for the one preceding; and there has been but one fatal case at Stettin, while at Dantzic the disease has been pronounced sporadic. The few cases reported at Paris are now stated not to have been of the true Asiatic type. One case is mentioned in Liverpool, Eng.

....The destruction wrought by the hurricane in the Caribbean Seas, on the 21st ult., appears to have been even greater than at first reported. On the Island of Antigua every estate was damaged; on the Island of Tortola 8 churches were blown down or shattered; on the Island of St. Kitts 800 houses were destroyed and 40 estates nearly ruined; and on the Island of Saba the growing crops were utterly ruined.

....The ravages of famine and pestilence still continue in Persia. The deaths at Tabreez average 240 per day. Christians and Mussulmans alike are camped in the mountains, and business has entirely ceased. The Persian army has been disbanded. To add to their otherwise sufficiently deplorable condition, storms and inundations have almost entirely destroyed the gardens and bazaars in the vicinity of the city.

....In the International Four-oared Race, which came off on Lake Saratoga, on the 31st., in which two clubs of carsmen from England and four of this country were the contestants, the Ward Brothers, of this state, won the first prize of $2,000; the Tyne crew, of England, coming in second; and the Coulter-Biglin crew, of New York and Pittsburg, being third. The best time was 24:40.

....The political canvass is fairly opened in Wisconsin, and Messrs. Washburn and Doolittle, the opposing candidates, have agreed to have a joint discussion of the political issues of the day in each congressional district.....The Republican State Convention of New Jersey has nominated Hon. Cornelius Walsh for governor.

....There was a terrible railroad accident near East St. Louis, Mo., on the 10th inst., in which a pic-nic party of 16 grown persons and several children, in a large furniture wagon, while crossing the railroad track, were struck by a passing train, and 3 were killed outright and 2 mortally and 4 or 5 severely wounded.

....The sporting world is all agog with amazement at the fact that "Dexter's" best time has been beaten. On the 6th inst., at Cold Spring, Wis., "Goldsmith Maid" made the fastest single heat and also the best three heats on record—the time being 2:20¼, 2:17, and 2:20¾.

....Advices from Rio Janeiro state that the debate in the Brazilian Legislature on the clauses of the Emancipation Bill has closed; but it is probable the bill will not become a law during the present session, owing to the strong opposition to its passage.

....From Panama we learn that commissioners have been appointed by the governments of Honduras and San Salvador to consult upon the policy of adopting measures for the establishment of a Central American Confederation.

....From Matamoras, Mexico, we learn that Lerdo has joined Juarez, in which case the latter will undoubtedly be declared elected to the presidency.

....Dr. Karl Marx, the ostensible leader of the International Society in Europe, died in England a few days since.

....Hon. Wm. H. Seward has arrived at Berlin, Prussia, on his way home from his journey around the world.

....18,000 emigrants left the River Mersey for this country during the month of August.

....Mount Vesuvius is reported to be in a state of eruption.

TO THE 50TH PARALELL.

BY M. C. HAZARD.

NOT long ago a party of editors whose honors cluster thickly upon them left New York for Winnipeg, after having been duly and satisfactorily entertained at the Gilsey House, New York. Before them was a journey of two thousand miles, promising all the varieties of rail, stage, and water conveyance. They were to leave civilization to catch a glimpse of retreating barbarism; to pass from populous towns and farming districts to the vast solitudes of the prairies of the Northwest; to come down from porterhouse steaks to pork fried on sticks before a fire, from "biled" shirts to flannel, from comfortable beds to camp life and the romantic danger of being scalped by the Indians. What wonder that the programme, as thus mapped out by the ardent editorial mind, proved to be too strong to be resisted? About twenty-five in all surrendered to this temptation, and showed themselves admirably prepared for all possible emergencies. "Light marching orders" had been given, and the outfit was as large as is usual under such circumstances. Shot-guns, rifles, pistols, fishing-rods, fish-baskets, and the numerous paraphernalia of sportsmen who rely largely on the recommendations of the shops made the magnificent car of the Erie directors look for the first (?) time like an arsenal.

But it was no warlike appearing assemblage that was grouped together in that car. Dana of the New York *Sun* has too great a reverence for power to waste it in explosions of powder. He might make a good general; but he better fills out the idea of a keen, supple, vigorous editor. He has rather a portly person, light brown hair, well sprinkled with gray, with full heavy beard to match, wears a brown velvet coat, slouch felt hat, his clothes giving him a natty, almost jaunty air; and he has a rich, husky voice, suggestive of good living. Bayard Taylor is supplied only with the weapons that are esteemed of service in the office of the New York *Tribune*. He evidently thinks more of letters to that paper than of ducks, and cares more to snare its readers than to show a bag full of game. Our quondam traveler has grown stout in person; and, although he enters on this summer escapade with alacrity, he means to let the younger men do the tramping for sport and the wading for trout, while he finds pleasures more philosophical and less exhaustive. Gov. J. R. Hawley, of the Hartford *Courant*, on the contrary, laid down his pen with ardor, and cares not a whit for cry of "copy!" so long as the prairies offer a chance at game or the streams give hope of a fish. His outfit is a rifle and a rod; and in the use of them he proved—we must say it—indefatigable, if not always successful. He is the most martial figure of the group, being compact, well built, decisive, and quick, and has the soldierly air which, once acquired, is slow to wear away. He is a favorite, too—among the younger men especially; being companionable, and having for ready use an inexhaustible collection of negro plantation songs, picked up in his army experience, that have even more of the quaint pathos than is usual to songs of that character. His neighbor, J. H. Bromley, of the Hartford *Post*, having no weapon so effective as his own wit, had the good sense not to take along any other arm of service. Had he left that at home, half the fun of the whole journey would have been left behind. Altogether, the crowd is merry, if not hilarious, and as bent on having a good time as though they were boys on a week's vacation. And who better knows how to relax and have real fun and solid enjoyment than the men whose eyebrows are knitted for eleven-twelfths of the year over questions of politics and finance and morals, and to whom a respite comes less often than Christmas, and frequently as tardy as the extra day for February? It is indolence that begets *ennui*; work that begets appetite. The desire that has no chance fully to satiate itself is always active and pleasure-giving. That which is thoroughly indulged in becomes either morbid or produces nausea. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy; but all play and no work makes him a great deal duller.

This is no *seriatim* letter—no record of hotels, or steamers, or railroads. The route of the party lay along the Erie Road, and then through the lakes from Buffalo to Duluth. Look for the notable things they saw quoted in the next guide-book. Their first objective point was Duluth; and this point they reached on the 21st of July, happy to have a break in the monotony of their trip, and ready for the new experiences that lay beyond.

Duluth, now known of all men, was well worth the day that was devoted by the party to her. Some twenty-two months ago a tangled path through the forest was all that there was of the present rather pretentious Main Street. Rough, jagged rocks protruded through the hillside, and, except to eyes of faith, there were few facilities for the making of a town, and much less a city. In order to believe in the future metropolis, one had to have a full comprehension of the necessity and advantages of a railroad from Duluth to Puget Sound; full faith in the men who were pushing it; and a capability of judging of the special benefits it would be to this, its eastern terminus. Now the place looks quite imposing from the lakes; the houses rising one back of the other, until the foreground of the bluff is well occupied. It is only another instance of what energy and pluck and faith will do when they are harnessed together. Duluth has now five miles of graded streets; five rather tasteful churches; a business street that no young city need be ashamed of; a Mansard-roofed hotel, that gets up an excellent bill-of-fare, and knows as well as any how to charge for it; an elevator—one of those many-storied affairs; docks, shipping, and five or six lines of steamers, first class, that have found a profitable trade at this new port; and, besides, boasts of its population of four thousand people to respond to the taxes levied by its common council! Generally the houses are rather better than would be expected in a place so new, while lay claims even to elegance—not the elegance of Fifth Avenue, of course, but something extraordinary in the way of taste in a country where so short a time ago "biled" shirts were an innovation. But "Minnesota Point," which is a narrow strip of land, straight as a needle, and running out for seven miles toward Superior City, has at its base the queerest collection of huts that one can see anywhere, unless it be in those mining towns where one builds to-day that he may leave to-morrow. They are huddled closely together, and make one long, continuous row. The most of them are narrow story-and-a-half tenements; the lower story being barely high enough for one to stand upright in, and the upper one being too low for anything but use while sleeping, and very suggestive of discomforts and impossibilities while dressing. They would make a capital bonfire.

Duluth has much needed a harbor. The breakwater which has been built for the purpose of affording secure anchorage behind it has been the subject of some ridicule; and, although affording protection during ordinary storms, would scarcely be what is needed when winds and waves exert their full force upon it. A happy thought occurred to the Duluthites. Minnesota Point, scarcely an eighth of a mile wide, separates the waters of Lake Superior from those of St. Louis Bay. A canal from one to the other would allow vessels to pass into the untroubled waters of the bay, and the breakwater would make the passage always a safe one. All that would be needed besides the cutting of the canal would be the dredging of the bay, and then the best harbor of the lakes would be at Duluth. The plan was conceived, pluck was not wanting for the enterprise, and at the time of our visit there the work was being vigorously prosecuted. The city needed this to make it something more than a mere place to touch at; and, if she soon takes rank as one of the best of inland ports, it will be because she has earned the distinction.

But to be called "The Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas" is a too high-sounding title even for Duluth. We do not know who gave it to her—whether it was coined by the ardent imagination of those who propose to tolerate Chicago only as an equal rival, or whether it was a bit of pleasantry perpetrated by some wandering Bohemian; but it serves very well to express the future position that the faith of her citizens has assigned to her. But the world is still incredulous. They do not see how a great city is to be built up simply because it is the eastern terminus of a trans-continental road and a place for the reshipment of goods. It is a little mixed how one can get rich by standing by and looking at a couple of men swapping jackknives! And, if Duluth had no more chances for growth than are given by being a point where goods are to be transferred, her future greatness would be an unrealized dream. But she has those resources which in time will give her a place among the larger cities. Back some little distance are iron mines that yield wonderfully pure iron ore. The Dalles of the St. Louis furnish for nine miles a water-power which at times equals that of 113,000 horses, and is always at least double that of Lowell. On the St. Louis and its tributaries is some of the finest unculled timber of Minnesota. Freight on raw cotton to the Dalles of the St. Louis would be nearly one-half that to Lowell. Lumber mills, cotton mills, woolen mills, smelting works, rolling mills, and numberless manufactories are to be located here, while the granite and slate quarries will add other industries; and these, together with the trade to the West, will secure the future of Duluth.

But all this is to be no miracle of a night. The city at the head of the lakes must in all probability, from this time on, grow more slowly than heretofore. Capital is timid, and needs to be sure of its ground before it alights in new places. But, though the Duluth heart is impatient, it need not fear but that in time sufficient capital will come; for it is not in the nature of things that such opportunities and it should long be separated. And no one will hesitate to say that the city has done already remarkably well for a place so lately introduced to the world by the Hon. J. Proctor Knott.

From Duluth the editorial party rode out on the line of the Northern Pacific Road, nearly sixty miles; then, returning, went down over the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad to St. Paul. From thence, after stopping a day at Minneapolis, it was whirled away in the luxurious car of the directors of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad to Morris, the present terminus of that road; and there it took stages to that landing-place on Red River, ever-to-be-remembered, Frog Point. It was the stage journey that was the special feature of the trip. What jolly songs were sung, what grave discussions were carried on, what jokes were gotten off, and how companionable and friendly and good-natured everybody proved to be are matters of delightful memory. If there be anything that will show the grouty and knurly side of human nature, it is a two-weeks' camping and stage experience. If one is pleasant and cheerful and self-denying for two or three days, and then grows morose and crabbed, bear with him. He may be a good fellow, for all that. But if his good temper holds out longer than that, pattern after him, and know that Mark Tapley was no invention.

Our editors were all Mark Tapleys. Nothing came amiss to them. Witness the first night of camping out at Pomme de Terre, an old log fort in a neighborhood readily abandoned by the Indians on account of mosquitos, and held by white men, we should say, out of pure grit. After a ride of one hundred and fifty-five miles on the cars, supplemented by thirty-five miles of staging, Nature is in no indecisive mood as to having rest. Sleep is imperatively demanded, and woe be to one's neighbors if sleep cannot be had. Touch a mar then, and you touch a bear. Now we want to say that, under such circumstances as these, when mosquitos—hornets, big, bellicose, persistent, and ingenious—would allow of no sleep; when their one song was a million times repeated, and each place that might by chance possibly become uncovered had a detailed guard of the winged fiends watching it; when there was nothing for it but to sit up and slap, slap, slap, and not have hands enough to do the work—we want to record that these good fellows were cheerful, joked, and laughed uproariously, and at half-past three in the morning seized their guns and rods and went tramping off for more sport. It was incredible to any one but eye-witnesses.

The daily journeys made in the stages, and the subsequent nights of camping, had a good effect on the spirits and the appetites of the party. The first part of the trip up the Red River Valley is over a prairie whose green billows roll away before one even to the far horizon. Beautiful little lakes, each one a gem, lie nestled in the larger hollows, and make the ride a perpetual surprise and delight. But on leaving Pomme de Terre the still green waves subside by degrees into the great calm of the Red River Valley proper. Far as the eye can reach there is naught but the weariness of an entirely level prairie. On the left is the thin belt of timber that borders the Red River; but to the right, and in front, and back there is no resting-place for the vision. The eye comes back to the timber and to the moving horses as gratefully as Noah's dove came back to the ark when she found no rest for the sole of her foot. But

Publisher's Department.

"Of late years advertising has assumed a very important phase—in fact, has become a science in business, and no one has done more or as much to make it so as GEO. P. ROWELL & Co., of New York. Their prompt and systematic mode of transacting their business; has gained the confidence of all large advertisers, and has raised them in a few years from one of the smallest to the leading advertising house in the world."—*Maple Leaves.*

CONVERTING U. S. FIVE-TWENTIES.

MESSRS. JAY COOKE & Co. have issued the following financial circular relative to the general conditions of the loan market and the exchanging of Government bonds for railroad securities:

OFFICE OF JAY COOKE & Co.,
NEW YORK, September 14th, 1871.

The signal success of the New Five Per Cent. Government Loan foreshadows the early funding of the entire public debt at a less rate than 6 per cent., and indicates that the average rate of interest on loanable capital in this country will henceforward be considerably lower than it has been, the tendency being to an equalization of rates between America and Europe.

In view of these facts, the present holders of United States Five-twenties must decide whether it is not best to make *at once* such a change of investment as will enable them hereafter also to profit by or add to their capital the present average premium of 14 per cent. on Five-twenties, while at the same time largely increasing their annual income.

Holders of Five-twenties of the issues of 1862, which, under the recent announcement of the Secretary of the Treasury, will be paid off in December next, have special and immediate reason to consider the question of conversion, unless they wish to receive coin for their Five-twenties, or exchange them at par for bonds of the new issue, bearing an average rate of 4½ per cent.

To all holders of United States securities who wish to take advantage of the present most favorable opportunity for changing their investment at a large profit we strongly recommend Northern Pacific Seven-thirties (principal and interest payable in gold), now selling at par in currency. The rapidity with which is accomplished in the construction and equipment of nearly three hundred miles of road, and the rapid development of the adjacent country, have established the permanency and success of the Northern Pacific enterprise, and created a large and rapidly increasing demand for the First Mortgage Bonds of the company. With their high rate of interest, ample security, and their convertibility into the bonds of the Company at 10 per cent. premium, they constitute a most desirable investment, and can hardly fail to advance considerably above par at an early day.

The holder of a $1,000 Five-twenty bond who exchanges it *now* for Northern Pacifics thereby increases his principal by 14 per cent., receiving $1,140 in Northern Pacifics for $1,000 in Five-twenties. He also permanently increases the yearly interest income on his investment more than 38 per cent., or from $60 in gold to $83.22 in gold.

Funds invested in Five-twenties at their present premium yield 5¼ per cent. interest in gold, or 5 9-10 in currency. Northern Pacific Seven-thirties yield 7 3-10 per cent. in gold, or 8¼ in currency.

These most unusual opportunities for the profitable conversion of Government bonds into corporate securities of undoubted reliability cannot, in the nature of the case, long continue. The increasing abundance of loanable capital, both at home and abroad; the almost certain rise in value of all desirable railroad mortgages; the rapid construction of Northern Pacific Second-liens, and the probable easy substitution of a six per cent. bond for the remainder of the Northern Pacific loan; and the early funding of the remainder of the National Debt at lower rates, promise very soon to change the entire aspect of the loan market, which is just now so peculiarly favorable to investors.

This state of things suggests *prompt action* on the part of those who wish to exchange securities in time to profit by the present high premium on Five-twenties.

JAY COOKE & CO.,
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Our subscribers will please understand that they can send money, government bonds, or any kind of securities to this office, to be sold and the proceeds converted into any stocks or railroad bonds *advertised in* THE INDEPENDENT. No charge whatever will be made for our services. In most cases we can obtain a *better price* for securities to be thus exchanged than if sent direct to a broker or banker, besides saving broker's commission. This offer is made only to our subscribers, who oftentimes neglect to make investments simply because they fear to make a remittance to an unknown party. In all cases explicit directions must be given. Address HENRY C. BOWEN, Publisher of THE INDEPENDENT, 3 Park Place, New York.

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BURNETT'S COCOAINE promotes the growth of the hair. Free from irritating matter.

DIED.

BOWEN.—August 30th, 1871, at the residence of her mother, 235 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, Julia M. Bowen, wife of Thomas Bowen, and daughter of Fanny M. and the late Erastus O. Tompkins.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

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A Great Offer. HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first

The Independent.

SUNRISE.

BY MRS. M. A. HOARD.

The pearly fringes of the eastern sky
Redden to rubies at his touch afar
Who opes the world's shut doors. At his bright eye,
Abashed, Night's Queen hastens her silver car,
And draweth after her each constant star.
Pale and dissolving lesser glories lie
Within the fiery chalice raised on high
From whence Day's god pours matchless radiancy.
So rose on earth with all-absorbing blaze
The Sun of Righteousness. Man, who had trod
With awful wonder Nature's mystic ways,
Sees all her lights melt in diviner rays,
No longer hymns his Vedas to her praise,
Nor raises altars to an "unknown God."

CHICAGO, 1871.

A DAY WITH GEORGE P. MARSH ON THE GRÜNDELWALD GLACIER.

BY W. C. WILKINSON.

I HAD parted from my companionship in travel for the sake of enjoying a little parenthesis of rest and home, as guest for some weeks of an American family of friends residing in Saxony. I began Switzerland, therefore, alone. It was an afternoon of that marble weather which the Alps know, and I had climbed the sharp ascent to Mürren out of the Lauterbrunnen-thal. I reached the little inn just in time to have a full feast of delight in gazing round and round upon that famous crescent of snow summits in the center of which you stand at Mürren, before the setting sun left them glitterless and cold. In the long, low apartment that served as reception-room and dining-hall at once in the inn a party of three traveler-guests sat, with an air of leisure which said that they had already supped, and that their day's work was done. The party consisted of a gentleman, who was perhaps making notes, and two ladies, of whom the senior occasionally spoke (I have forgotten whether in German or French) to the people of the inn. A moment's glance satisfied me that the gentleman, at least, was an American. After such greetings as the meeting of strangers under the circumstances suggested, an interval elapsed, when I ventured to say: "I beg your pardon, sir. Are you an American?" "I am," said he. "I live in Turin." "Is it Mr. Marsh, then?" said I. It was Mr. Marsh; and the access which he affably permitted made conversation very easy.

I went out on a balcony which looked toward that magnificent semi-circle of mountains, and, using a telescope placed there for the amusement of travelers, I discovered a banner floating on the extreme summit of a peak deemed almost impracticable for climbers. I called Mr. Marsh's attention to it, and with a genially contagious curiosity he came to have a look at it himself. I suggested that it would be curious to know if that was the identical banner with the "strange device." Mr. Marsh smiled and rejoined, saying parenthetically: "I wonder, by the way, how Mr. Longfellow would parse 'Excelsior.' I assumed at the moment that Mr. Marsh meant that the neuter form, *excelsius*, would better comport with the idea of a motto for one who was straining after an elevated place. I have since wished that I had asked him to explain his meaning, for I have hardly been able to make his suggestion seem to me not hypercritical; although I presume Mr. Longfellow himself would not defend the poem in question from the general charge of being very youthful, both as to conception and as to form.

Mr. Marsh had made the ascent of the Schilthorn that day, and he strongly recommended it to me as a good thing to do. I followed his advice; but had the good fortune to meet him again within a week at Gründelwald, where I spent the day with him in a visit to the glacier.

Our party was winding along the mountain-side pathway close to the edge of the glacier, when a distant rumbling sound checked us, and the guide said, "An avalanche." We all stood still, and not a word was said for a space of perhaps ten minutes. The noise increased, and drew nearer, and filled us with an indescribable awe and delight of suspense and expectation. Nothing was yet to be seen; but we all strained our eyes across the glacier in the direction of the sound. Presently a cloud of ice-dust rose, like smoke, into the air, and shed its spray sheer across to where we stood. The torrent noise poured on, and still the moving mass was invisible. It was an ice avalanche, and it was thundering down a gorge of the mountain which led to the open glacier almost exactly opposite us. At last the front of the avalanche appeared at the mouth of the gorge, and all that mighty mass behind was urging it on. Now and then the descending cataract would smite against a jut of rock [illegible] out of sight in the ravine; and a puff of powdered ice would go up, so like the vomit of smoke from a gun's mouth that we could almost fancy we smelled the odor of sulphur in the air. The ice was beaten to dust and atoms when it flooded down upon the glacier. The separate particles of the flood that widened out over the free surface seemed instinct with vitality. They seemed all of them in haste to be at a remove from that horrible fall, and from the jostle and crush of the ruin. They crawled with a kind of conscious agony, and slunk out of sight into every fissure of the monstrous glacier that they could reach. When all was still again, the van of the avalanche, after filling the intervening chasms, had reached, I suppose, half-way across the whole breadth of the glacier.

"There!" said Mr. Marsh. "What is Niagara to that?" I felt the same enthusiasm of wonder; but I think now, as no doubt Mr. Marsh also thinks, that, sublime as the avalanche was, Niagara is still a very decidedly appreciable quantity in comparison. We resumed our walk, and Mr. Marsh told me of the then recent eruption of Vesuvius, which he said was the only great natural phenomenon that he had witnessed to be equaled for sublimity with the avalanche. The eruption, indeed, he thought, surpassed the avalanche. As he described his own experience in acting the part of spectator at the eruption, I asked: "Was there not danger in doing as you did?" "I suppose there was," he replied; "but then you see it was one of those things that had to be done."

Mr. Marsh was at this time engaged upon his work "Man and Nature." He had, therefore, a professional as well as a personal interest in his observations of the glacier. One remark that he made in connection with the subject of his future book surprised me. He said that his Lectures on the English Language he felt to be an aside from his proper work. He considered himself dedicated rather to the discussion of questions in physical geography than to philological disquisitions. Knowing that I came from Rochester, he said: "Then you are perhaps acquainted with my friend, President Anderson?" I said that I was; when he went on to remark that but for Dr. Anderson he should never have written his Lectures on the English Language. One fruitful suggestion of Dr. Anderson's had set him to that work. It is something to be the cause of wit in other men—especially if they are such men as George P. Marsh.

My meeting with Mr. Marsh had been purely casual, and I took no pains to make myself known to him. I was simply an American tourist. I assume, therefore, that he said nothing to me which it would be disagreeable to him for me to repeat; as he certainly said nothing which would not be honorable to him were it known. I accordingly venture to reproduce a passage of our conversation in which Mr. Horace Greeley's name occurred. It gave occasion to some remarks on Mr. Greeley's character, and on his methods in public discussion, that seemed to me to be, upon the whole, almost equally creditable to their subject and to their author.

Mr. Marsh, in some warmly patriotic comment to me on the conduct of our war against the Rebellion, uttered a vigorous, aggressive, and almost radical sentiment, which was so in contrast to the excessive conservatism that I had mistakenly attributed to him as to draw from me an involuntary expression of surprise. In awkward relief of my inadvertence, I then alluded to a paragraph concerning Mr. Marsh in a *Tribune* editorial, on the diplomatic appointments of Mr. Lincoln's first administration, in which the writer lamented that the minister designated to Italy had not been a man more in sympathy with liberal republicanism. Mr. Marsh had seen the animadversion, and remarked that Mr. Greeley never could forget his (Mr. Marsh's) slowness to follow the lead that Mr. Greeley essayed to give the Whig party in Congress during the brief period of their mutual colleagueship at Washington. Mr. Marsh evidently felt himself unjustly treated; but he spoke with magnanimous forbearance. To my remark that Mr. Greeley's popular strength had always lain in the firm faith of the rural districts in his incorruptible honesty, and that the city people seemed often to call this in question, Mr. Marsh replied, as I thought, with just discrimination and generous concession. Said he: "Mr. Greeley has always espoused good causes, and advocated them zealously. I do not think Mr. Greeley would assert, even for a good cause, what he knew to be false; though his partisanship of a good cause goes to great extremes. But I do think," said he, "that Mr. Greeley, in the heat of advocacy, will sometimes roundly assert what he does not know to be true."

It is hard for strenuous souls to exercise a self-denial in assertion always at the strict bounds of knowledge. I never thought less highly of Mr. Greeley's good qualities for Mr. Marsh's judgment; and, if Mr. Greeley happens to see this report of that judgment, I am sure he cannot feel less kindly toward Mr. Marsh for having passed it.

It will not be improper to add that Mrs. Marsh, then an invalid, and borne in a *chaise-a-porteur*, was the partner of her loyal and chivalrous husband's travels and of his talks. It was a beautiful harmony and relief—the royal strength and health of the husband put tenderly at the service of the suffering but sunny and all-appreciative wife. The third member of their party was a niece, whose youth found abundant sympathy in the youthful spirit of her companions.

I hope this account of an agreeable *rencontre*, recalled from ten years ago, will not serve to render Mr. Marsh less conversationally hospitable to the young countrymen whom he may meet in future travels of his, which the present writer wishes may be many and pleasant and fruitful.

THE ESSENTIAL ELEMENT OF A DIVINE REVELATION.

BY REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

IF immortality was not taught in the Old Testament Scriptures, neither was sin in its exceeding sinfulness, nor the ruin of the soul in consequence of sin, nor the wrath of God against it, nor the soul's need of a Redeemer, nor God's provision of redemption, nor the method of it, nor the necessity of the soul's laying hold upon it. All these things were kept from the knowledge of men, if immortality and the future retribution were concealed. If the Scriptures prophesied mere temporal blessings and punishments, then, also, a merely temporal Messiah, and gave no intimation of sin in the soul, or a Saviour from it. Such a Saviour could not have been promised without a knowledge of the soul's immortality, guilt, and threatened ruin. But our Lord Jesus declared that he came to save from eternal death and provide eternal life, according to the Scriptures; and appeals to the Old Testament as thus testifying of him, that he was to save his people from their sins. And if the law was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ, as Paul affirms, it could only be by teaching human guilt, and the need of forgiveness; and if these things were taught in the Old Testament, it could only be on the known basis of the immortality of the soul and a future judgment; which, if Moses and the prophets attempted to conceal, and to shut the people up to mere temporal sanctions, they would have been greater villains than those who take away the gold out of a king's treasury, and put instead thereof a pile of paper currency of their own, or chests of pewter coin washed with gold. But there never has been known on earth a race of men so degraded as to accept for a divine revelation, or obey as such, a forgery that had in it not a single intimation of any other existence, or longer continued, than this of the body. All religions among men have had a future state.

And the thing demanding a supernatural ingenuity was to impose upon men a pretended revelation that could bind them, that could compel their obedience and belief, without any of these mysteries, without being a revelation from and concerning another world, without even the knowledge and the sanctions common at that day, even, to the theology of the Egyptians. As to the opening of men's understandings to understand such Scriptures, wherein confessedly there was nothing to be understood but of worldly matters, there was no call for that, no object to be gained by it. What possibly could even Christ teach out of books of Scripture that themselves were never intended to teach and not capable of teaching men's need of salvation?

And what need of any opening of Scriptures that taught nothing but the art of shutting up? For the problem how to impose upon men as a divine revelation what had nothing of eternity in it, is admitted to be of so great difficulty that the fact of its being done is itself appealed to as proof of a divine supernatural intervention. That is, the fact of men's accepting as divine a revelation that gives no knowledge of a future life, is a demonstration that it must have been from God; because God only could enforce it, could constrain men to accept of it, and he only under miraculous enforcements, or, so to speak, only at the point of the bayonet. A revelation of painful severities, to which Moses had attached the pretence of a Thus saith the Lord, required miracles to sustain it, and a miraculous hardihood of imposture to avow it as from God.

Thus it was that Warburton undertook, as he himself states it, "to prove Moses's divine assistance, from his being able to leave out of his religion the doctrine of a future state." For, this doctrine being naturally of the utmost importance to society, he argued that none but a being endowed with miraculous power could afford to do without it, or could establish a religion that omitted it; and, omitting, made no appeal to it, but only to this life and to the demonstrations of an extraordinary providence by miraculous power. "All mankind," said Warburton, "especially the most wise and learned nations of antiquity, have concurred in believing and teaching that the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments was necessary to the well-being of society." Therefore, no true religion could be without it, no religion could be from God without it, and no religion without it could be received by men. But the religion of Moses is without it, and that religion was received as from God; and, therefore, God gave it. God was the author of it; for only God, by miraculous power, could have succeeded in establishing as a religion a system destitute of the fundamental quality of religion—that is, the revelation of a future state. This is Warburton's paradox, in the support of which he had to assert, and labored to prove that, by positive intention, the doctrine of a future state was entirely excluded from the Mosaic revelations.

"What is prayer?" was the somewhat sudden demand, as soon as the seat was taken—very grave and serious, too.

"Prayer, sir?" For, what with the children playing around, a piano in full play near by, groups laughing and talking all around, the question was quite abrupt.

"Yes, prayer! I have been here for weeks," the Friend continued. "We have what is called prayer every morning. It has been borne in on me to ask you, Is prayer statement, or *is* it supplication? Is it the telling God everything, or is it the asking God for something? What does *thee* think?"

We will not repeat the conversation that followed, but leave our readers to reflect upon the Quaker's question, and answer it for themselves.

One more. The route of the writer's travel far East lay over the road of a railway company once celebrated for gruffness! The president must have been a very original ogre of Gruff Castle. Certainly, down to the lowest brakeman, the entire domain of the road ran through the kingdom of Grufflom. It was as if eternal winter presided along the road; and as if every official had caught violent cold—not one but deaf, blind, hoarse exceedingly. The very motion of their eyes was stiff, as from the influenza which held hands and feet from motion—In reference, at least, to the requests of passengers. You felt as if you were a state prisoner being borne to prison, and not to be communicated with by your guards; a corpse, in fact, in whom it was most decent to be silent and motionless on your way to the grave!

Was once all this? Not now! For some sufficient reason, a total change! Sunset, one night, spring after winter, had come upon the company. Began with the president, whoever he is; no doubt of that. Possibly no order was printed, no word was uttered to the employés. The opposite principle had prevailed, catching from one to another, like disease; the new spirit of courtesy and accomodation had the swift contagion, too, of health!

The very same men—conductors, brakemen, baggage masters, and all—yet wholly different. All trace of their terrible cold gone. Not a man of them but could hear a question, see the questioner while he asked it, give a reply, even repeat information with a friendly smile to tremulous old ladies and deaf old men. The suddenness, swiftness, utterness of the change was wonderful. Possibly it was because of competition. Probably the different style of conduct which lesser roads had found essential to their prosperity had been infectious. Not wholly impossible that the sweet Christianity of mission Sabbath-school, and all out-of-door effort for Christ and man had chanced (may I say it?) its wondrous electricity upon the circuits of this combination of men also. I only know the fact.

Ah! how easy to effect the same change in your household, say, if needed. Not the writing out and pasting up a proclamation to that effect over your mantel. Let but the president and presidentess of the home company but *be* kind, forbearing, loving, themselves; and how big brothers and sisters, down to the least Josie or Bessie along the line, catch the spirit. Any head of a business establishment can *be* the *mot d'ordre* of obligingness to a store of a hundred clerks, or a manufactory of five hundred grimy-faced workmen.

But it is most terribly missed in a church! It does not depend on the size, nor the wealth, nor the social standing; the prosperity nor adversity of a church in question. Two churches, side by side, equal in all besides, may be in this matter as unlike each other as that company spoken of before and after its change of heart. An interest in each other which bands them into one for the uses of the Master; a kinship of positive sympathy, forbearance, quick defence of the absent, hope for the erring—that is it! People go to such a church as instinctively as you draw up to the fire when the weather is cold. Young men seek membership in the same as naturally as you hold out your hand when you meet a friend. People sing better in such a church, on the same principle that you sing louder and easier at family worship than at public service. People pray better, held up to the central Christ by the close and felt crowding up to him, too, of others who, you know, are with you and Jesus therein. Certainly the pastor preaches better to such a church, on exactly the same ground that you can tell that story which interests you so much far better to a group about you in the parlor of a home than you can on the promenade deck of a steamer, among strangers, and at sea! Certainly, such a spirit is as essential to prosperity in a church as in a railroad. Of course, from pastor, officers, leading members comes the peculiar character of the church, as of every other corporation. And to these, as to all, is open access to the inexhaustible Christ! This doctrine of the Gospel has hold of me of late with wonderful consolation. The immeasurableness, unboundedness, wholly *inexhaustible* sufficiency to us of the infinite Saviour! All needed is to be in closest communion with such a source! It all lies in your knowing the love of God, which passeth knowledge, and so being filled (is it not an amazing declaration?) with all the fullness of God!

Literary Department.

WAR AND THE WEATHER.*

THE "clerk of the weather" has been regarded heretofore either as a convenient myth or a picturesque figure of speech; and it has probably never occurred to those who employ the phrase that this office is rising into dignity. We are, many of us, familiar with the fact that in the days of Prof. Espy there was some discussion in scientific circles, which found place also in the newspapers, of the methods of storms; and that this enthusiastic and inquiring man had a theory fully fledged whereby he accounted for the production of rain.

Prof. Espy's idea was that rains were caused by an ascending column of air, which was made to rise by the possession of aqueous vapor, this being only about five-eighths the specific gravity of the atmosphere. As the column of moist air ascended, it would expand by the necessary removal of pressure due to its higher altitude; when the aqueous vapor would be condensed through cold, caused by the gradual expansion as the column rose. But this condensation would cause it to give out latent heat, and this heat would warm the air again, and make it rise still higher; and so, like the famous syllogism

* WAR AND THE WEATHER: OR, The Artificial Production of Rain. By EDWARD POWERS, C.E. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

of Epimenides and the Cretans, there was a perpetual play from premise to conclusion and from conclusion to premise. Meantime, the surrounding air would rush in toward the ascending column, to fill the place of that which was rising; and on this and subsequent ones the same process was repeated. It was a curious theory; but men of science did not endorse it, although some of the European savants awarded Prof. Espy great praise.

The corollary from Prof. Espy's reasoning was that thunder-showers and rain could be produced by artificial means, and he believed this *modus operandi* could be established. He thought that a concerted system of conflagrations, sufficient to heat the air and cause it to ascend, would bring rain at pleasure. Instead of having rain dispel pic-nics and parties, we might organize pic-nics to compel rain.

But, setting Prof. Espy aside, it is not the wildest supposition that can be imagined to say that rain may yet be artificially produced. It has been noticed with more or less attention for a number of years, and by a variety of observers, that heavy cannonading, such as accompanies bombardments and battles, is often followed by rain. During the bombardment of Sebastopol it was a matter of frequent comment, and the fact was not less conspicuous in the Mexican War and the War of the Rebellion.

This subject has received a pretty thorough examination at the hands of Mr. Powers, and we have the result of his studies in a concisely written volume of less than two hundred pages.

Among the battles instanced by Mr. Powers are those connected with the wars referred to, those in the wars of the first Napoleon, the battles in the war of France with Austria, and in the recent war between France and Germany. He offers nearly one hundred and seventy notable instances; and is confident that further research would reveal more. All these, together with the powerful cannonading in October, 1825, which took place in celebrating the completion of the canal connecting Lake Erie with the Hudson, were followed by rain. The line of proof seems so uniform that it is difficult to dispose of it except on the ground that cannonading *does* produce that electrical or other shock on the atmosphere which causes the phenomenon of rain, and quite often, too, the occurrence of electrical phenomena.

In some cases—as in the battles of Buena Vista, Palo Alto, and Monterey, which occurred in the "dry season" (there having been with respect to the first no rain for several months before the battle, and, with the exception of the showers it produced in a few hours, none for several months after)—the evidence seems specially convincing.

The battle of Waterloo was fought in a pouring rain; after Ligny rain fell in torrents. At Madras, on the 4th of June, 1776, salutes were fired from more than one hundred pieces of cannon, and it rained in the evening; yet it was the "dry season" on the Coromandel coast, and no rain occurred again until the 30th. To come within quite recent memory, Koenigsgratz, Weissenberg, Woerth, Strasbourg and Metz were followed by rain; but "when the war was declared Baden, Alsace, and France generally were suffering from drought." At the battle of Sedan, in which the French Emperor was taken prisoner, the telegram announcing the event added: "It is raining torrents." And such data could be supplied beyond the patience of the most resolute reader. It has been frequently the case that one of the first effects following a great battle is an overspreading, dense fog.

What is it that causes rain? One writer says:

"Rain is generally produced by the rapid union of two or more volumes of humid air, differing considerably in temperature; the several portions when mingled being incapable of absorbing the same amount of moisture that each would retain if they had not united."

This is agreeable with Hutton's theory. But, to accomplish the "rapid union" referred to, some motion is requisite. In the presence of so many concurring facts it should not seem surprising that powder exploded in great quantities might produce the needed excitant. It is a familiar fact that cannon firing shatters window-glass, breaks up waterspouts, and has been known to kill fish to a large extent. It is used to raise the bodies of drowned persons to the top of the water. Buzzards, though they are specially interested in the results of battle, give a wide berth to regions in which there is sharp military conflict. This fact shows that the effect of such violent concussion, when they are on the wing, must be one of considerable discomfort. The most unobservant person must have noticed—though Mr. Powers does not allude to it—that after very heavy claps of thunder the rain, which was merely drizzling before, often comes down in profuse and sudden dashes. Electricity is, no doubt, an agent as well as a result of rain; and perhaps, as the author suggests, cannonading brings rain either by developing electricity in the air or causing some peculiar form of electric action.

"Variable winds and sudden squalls frequently follow battles"; and volcanic eruptions and great conflagrations have appeared to prove, as Prof. Espy suggests, that heat, also, when there is enough of it, produces rain. Even in drought the air is not destitute of moisture—it is, most likely, loaded with it; but the necessary influences which produce clouds and precipitate rain are not present.

The question now occurs which brings really the practical purport of all this inquiry. If cannonading does produce rain, is it not worth some effort to establish the fact in the only certain way—by actual experiment? We send expensive fleets to every sea for objects much less important; and there is no end of expeditions to reach the North Pole, which will hardly be worth raising the American flag on when we find it. Why not attempt to determine, under scientific inspection and with such resources as only a government can command, the far greater problem, and far more useful one, concerning the rainfall? One season's relief from a parching drought would overpay by a thousandfold all that would be expended.

We can cheerfully refer all who would look further into this subject to Mr. Powers's book, and especially to the well-filled appendix of facts which so strongly favor his view.

—*Balaustion's Adventure* (Osgood & Co.) is the last "May-month amusement" of Robert Browning. To many of his readers it will not prove amusement for any time of the year, and for a reason to which we would invite especial attention. It is not that the poem is translated entirely out of the Greek spirit—we might have forgiven this; it is that we have not the compensation of finding it given to us in intelligible English. To illustrate one of Browning's mannerisms of style, take the opening lines of the present poem:

"About that strongest, gladdest, sweetest song
I, when a girl, heard in Kamelros once,
And after, saved my life by? Oh! so glad
To tell you the adventure!"

Compared with hundreds of others that could be cited from this poem the present is a very simple and manageable case of vagueness in diction. Yet the average reader needs to read even these lines twice to see what they mean. It is not that he has to think out any profound significance in them; but to supply the missing clauses which the poet has omitted, and which are needed to complete the sense. Mr. Browning meant his readers to understand something like this: "So, then, you wish to hear about that strangest, gladdest, sweetest song, etc.? Well, then, I shall be *so* glad to tell you the adventure." A greater poet would have been willing to express his thought as generously as words could do it; and to reduce the task of the reader, where the thought is difficult, to the mastering of that thought itself. But Mr. Browning loves verbal gloom; he loves to make his readers think themselves puzzled by the depth of his thoughts, when the sole trouble is the obscurity of his diction. It is not the difficulty of his thought, but the difficulty of his English, that repels all but the most resolute readers. While we have little patience with this vicious mannerism in a writer of Mr. Browning's acknowledged power, we need not say that the resolute reader is generally rewarded in the study of his poems. The present work, in spite of its abruptness and its gasps of elision, has beauties for the reader who will bear with Mr. Browning's vice of treatment. Were this vice an unconscious one, we should hope that the poet might reform it when it should be distinctly pointed out to him, as school-boys correct their exercises in composition. But the habit is now confirmed in him, and its penalty is already recorded. That penalty is that Mr. Browning must remain in a lower rank of power and influence than that which he might have won by a more artistic method. Yet to the poet's present influence these crotchets of his are perhaps not wholly injurious. There are minds enough to mistake his broken diction for Orphic wisdom, and to give him credit for genius in the strict ratio of his obscureness. Mr. Browning is well aware of this fact; and we have no doubt that he will continue to drop clauses along the remaining length of his poetical career, and to send us lays that many people will think are pure poetry because they are hard reading.

—Mr. George MacHenry's *Time and Eternity* (A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco) is a powerful poem, though it is loaded with the defects of excess. The author has at command a vocabulary unequaled in fullness by that of any recent writer of English verse. It would be interesting for some critic (other than ourselves) to count the strange words that he has employed—words gleaned, one would say, from an enormous range of reading. His diction is overcharged; yet it has a panther-like power and freedom. It is full of crude force; it is a mixture of original genius with "Paradise Lost" and Shelley's "Revolt of Islam," served up in twelve cantos written in the stanza of "Don Juan." The author has large imagination and knowledge, while in the artistic sense he is still deficient. When he shall have learned to employ his powers more discreetly than he has employed than in this poem we believe that he may produce a work worthy of less guarded praise than we are now compelled to award him. The choice of subject in the present poem seems to us unhappy. "The Battle of Armageddon," "The Reign of Gog," "The Mill-nnium," "Hell and Heaven" are themes about which we could wish for poetic silence for a season. Yet Mr. MacHeny has treated them with power. Witness the following stanza, describing the return of devils to earth after the millennium:

"As a flock falls of shattered aerolites,
Shed by the archer of November skies:
So on the earth the grisly menace lights
With whirring clang, as when a hail storm flies;
Torado squalls and hurricanes arise,
And sweep the rocks from off the Aleutian Isles,
And snap the iceberg loose from where it lies,
Bridging the land and water many miles,
And drive to Californian shores the mountain piles."

If natural abilities were the only factor of greatness, we could welcome Mr. MacHenry as a poet whose future was secure of honor. Time, and culture, however, and opportunity, and environment—these and other elements in his or any career exert influences which cannot be foreseen by the critic. Whether he shall profit by these is uncertain. But Mr. MacHenry is already a poet, though he has not yet written a poem to our liking.

—*The Louisville Debate* is, as its title-page informs us, "a discussion of the question What is Christian Baptism? including its proper subjects and design," between Elder L. B. Wilkes (Disciple) and Rev. Jacob Ditzler (Methodist). It is a ponderous octavo, of seven hundred pages, full of a certain kind of learning and bristling on every page with bigotry. Public debates between the representatives of Christian denominations, concerning the differences which divide them, are in their results wholly pernicious. If these men had spent the time occupied in preparing for and conducting this debate in practical Christian work, in bringing home to the consciences of men those truths of the Gospel which they both accept, they would have better honored their calling. If such controversies were ever of use, their time is past. The platform of the disputant is not the place for one sect to prove its doctrines or its rites better than those of another. That can only be done on the broad field of Christian life and work. Such discussions can only have the effect to fortify each party in the positions it had previously taken, to widen and deepen the divisions between Christians, and to strengthen the cavils of those who reject Christianity. It is possible that there may be conditions of society in which the intellectual stimulus furnished to the community by such a discussion may partially counterbalance the injury which it must inflict upon the spiritual life of the churches. Whether this is true of the latitude of Louisville we do not know. Possibly the discussion might have done some such service there; but there was no excuse for its publication. Nevertheless, it will do no harm, for nobody will read it.

—Proctor's *Light Science for Leisure Hours*, reprinted from the English edition by D. Appleton & Co., is one of the best works of its sort. Like Tyndall's "Fragments of Science," of which we have lately spoken, it is intended for that large class of readers who desire to know something of scientific progress, and yet are unable to follow up the more systematic researches of the original investigators in astronomy and physics. Of many recent investigations in these departments we are here informed Mr. Proctor is a man of good scientific reputation; and he speaks with not less clearness and interest than authority. The papers given in the present volume are mostly reprinted from the English periodicals to which their authors contributed them. The subjects discussed are the nature of the aurora, the magnetism of the earth, recent solar researches, tornadoes, transits of Venus, the usefulness of earthquakes, volcanic waves, floods in Switzerland, photographic ghosts, deep-sea dredging, and a dozen more of equal interest. That sublime curiosity which we call the scientific spirit is here described in some of its finest activities. We can hardly resist the conviction that mental energy not inferior to that of Newton or Leibnitz is now being applied to the solution of the hard questions of physical science. It is not a frequent thing with us to meet a book which we can so heartily commend to the general reader as this. It is particularly suited to the family reading-circle, and for friends who may be in council during the autumn and winter evenings. To the young people who are in some spirit of self-improvement, "What shall I read?" the present volume, in spite of its fragmentary character, may safely be placed near the head of the list of late publications.

—The publication of Hans Christian Andersen's *Pictures of Travel* (Hurd & Houghton) gives us the opportunity to repeat the admiration [illegible] author that we have already expressed in these columns, and for the excellently-translated selections from his works, of which the present forms the concluding volume. Never did a more genial spirit report his travels—in London, among the Hartz Mountains, in Switzerland, or as a visitor in the house of Charles Dickens, "whom," says he, "I admire as a writer and love as a man." There is a reality, a sincerity about the friendship of Andersen for Dickens that suggests by a sharp contrast the sketches which we have lately had occasion to notice, not unconnected with Boston magazines, of acquaintance with the same person. In the Dresden "Green Vaults" Andersen soon tired of the jewels, and of "all this wealth that no longer interested me. Had the walls not been covered with mirrors, so that I could by way of change see my own face, with all its tedium expressed therein, and thus amuse myself contentedly, it would have been bad indeed." And, after visiting the Dresden armory, says he, "the whole of that night I dreamed of nothing but swords and daggers, immense wax figures, and large wooden horses, so that I had no easy night of it." For sentiment in its purest and sweetest form, and for the most charming humor and childlikeness, we know of no writing that surpasses Hans Christian Andersen's.

—Thomas Hughes's *Alfred the Great* is an interesting account of the England of ten centuries ago, a subject not well understood until lately. The further we recede from a given era the better our historical knowledge of it often seems to become. The critic observes distant time almost as keenly as the astronomer distant space; and in a thousand years we may have, perhaps, as clear and satisfactory an account of M. Thiers's government of this summer as English historians have at last given us of that of *Alfred the Great*, which began in 871, after the battle of Ashdown, just a thousand years ago this summer. Readers of this history have but to prefix the unit to all the dates of Alfred's reign to make those dates contemporaneous. Mr. Hughes, profiting by the resources of Palgrave, Thorpe, Pearson, and Freeman, has given us a volume which will instruct and interest young readers. To them the constant imitation of Mr. Carlyle's English and the unnecessary "gushing" of his own style will not, let us hope, be as unpleasant as to the present critic.

—Here are half a dozen books for children: three from Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger—*The King's Godchild and other Tales*, translated from the German by M. A. T.; *Little Gems for Little People*, of which we have already spoken; and *American Wonderland*, by R. M. Bache, a collection of North American Indian stories and legends, in which the reader of "Hiawatha" will recognize familiar names. D. Lothrop & Co. send us *Evenings with the Children*; or, *Travels in South America*, by Mrs. V. G. Ramsey, a sketch of South American customs, productions, and history; and *Shell Cove*, a readable story of the seashore. *Four, and What they Did*, by Helen C Weeks, (Hurd & Houghton), is one of the best books of the list. The illustrations are good and realistic, which is more than can be said of most of the art that is presented for the contemplation of children.

—We do not perceive what claim *Progressive Exercises in Subject Composition* has to supersede the use of other manuals upon this subject already in use. Under the heading "Methods of Expressing the Same Idea" the authors give the sentence "When the school was dismissed the children went home," and then propose, without any criticism or warning, such unseemly equivalents as the following: "School being closed, the children departed to the places of their residence." The volume has no classification of subjects, and its accuracy in minor matters may be judged of by its orthography of two proper names—"Poctus" and "Spurious Lartius."

—*Four Years at Yale, by a Graduate of 1869*, is a full account of this college and its institutions. It refrains, perhaps too carefully, from needed criticism of its methods of instruction; but, as a volume of reference and description, the book will have interest to all who are interested in the history and the student-life of this college. Societies, the customs of each year of the course, "town and gown," studies, marks, honors, anniversaries, boat-racing, and an amusing account of the various devices known as "skinning," make up the subjects of this well-indexed volume of 713 pages.

—*Paris under the Commune* is a hastily prepared volume, compiled mainly from the newspaper reports of recent occurrences in Paris. It will possess some interest to those who may be in immediate want of a connected sketch, however imperfect and inaccurate, of the mad "government" that held and ravaged Paris from March to May of the present year.

—The Harpers send us the second volume of *The Life and Times of Lord Brougham, Written by Himself*. It covers the period of the middle life, before he was made a peer, from 1812 to 1829, and contains some matter that will be new to the historical student of that period.

—*The Cousin from India* is the second in the Harpers' series of "Books for Girls" between eight and eighteen. Persons beyond their teens will find the graceful style of Miss or Mrs. Craik, the author of the present volume, not without interest.

LITERARY NOTES.

AMERICAN.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON has been long engaged on a *Poetical Handbook for Scholars and Students*, which will be published in a few weeks.... Prof. R. W. Raymond, U. S. Commissioner of Mining Statistics, is preparing a new and extensive work on the great Mining Industry of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Slope. It will be published by J. B. Ford & Co.... A London paper informs its readers that "Bret Harte is the *nom de plume* of Mr. Benjamin, editor of the *Overland Monthly*."..... Berthold Auerbach, the German novelist, over a year ago spoke of coming to America to give readings from his own works, but was prevented by the war. Lately the project has been revived, and his advent may be looked for this year.... Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson has a new book in press, entitled *Stories from Old English Poets*.... Mr. Wm. Smeaton has prepared for the use of the scholars and classes in public schools an *Etymological Manual*, based on a principle familiar to the schools and colleges of Scotland, where Mr. Smeaton was trained. It will be issued this fall by J. B. Ford & Co.... In the office of the New York *Evening Post* Mr. Bryant has (it is alleged) hung up a catalogue of rules to that no editor or reporter is allowed to use. Among these interdicted words are bogus, collided, debut, donate, donation, loafer, located, ovation, predicate, progressing, pants, rowdies, roughs, secesh, osculate (for kiss), endorse (for approve), lady (for wife), jubilant (for rejoicing), bagging (for capturing), loaned (for lent), posted (for informed), realized (for obtained).... Roberts Brothers have in preparation a new edition of William Morris's *Defense of Guenevere*, and other early poems.... Macmillan & Co., New York, have nearly ready a new edition of *Mivart's Genesis of Species*, revised and enlarged, with notes, in reply to Darwin's "Descent of Man." .... J. B. Lippincott & Co. will shortly issue *Doings in Maryland*, a story of Southern Life; *Old Hours of a Physician*, a series of popular essays, by John Darley, M. D.; *The Teeth, and How to Save Them*, by L. P. Meredith, M.D.; and *Muskingum Legends*, by Stephen Powers.

FOREIGN.

William Chambers, of Edinburgh, is preparing a history of *Chambers's Journal*.... Amadeus, of Spain, has become a great devourer of Spanish literature since he "learned the lingo"; and, as a consequence, four times as many books are now published in Spain as during the late reign of Isabella II. .... The *Athenæum* says that Dante Gabriel Rossetti has a new volume of poems in preparation, which will be published in England during the winter. Messrs. Roberts Brothers will probably issue it in this country.... Prof. Seeley, the author of "Ecce Homo," has completed the first volume of his edition of *Livy*, and it will shortly be published. The interest of this volume will center in the long examination by Prof. Seeley of the earliest history of Rome.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

King Arthur. A Poem by Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. Revised Edition. 12mo, pp. 417. Harper & Brothers.....

Agatha's Husband. A Novel. By the author of "Joan Halifax," etc., etc. 12mo, pp. 428. The same.....$1 50

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The Life of John Pendleton Kennedy. By Henry T. Tuckerman. 8vo, pp. 456. G. P. Putnam & Son.....2 00

The Last Knight. A Romance. Garland from the German of Anastasius Grun. Translated, with Notes, by John G. Sargent. 8vo, pp. 230. Hurd & Houghton.....2 50

Pictures of Travel. By Hans Christian Andersen. 12mo, pp. 275. The same.....1 75

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Four, and What they Did. By Helen C. Weeks. 12mo, pp. 213. The same.....1 25

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THE practice of applying manure near the surface of the soil is more common than formerly, and commends itself to observing cultivators. This is the method which the great Husbandman employs, who enriches the earth by scattering the leaves on the surface of the ground and leaving the grass and other herbage to perish where they grow. The soil is thus kept mulched, and consequently moist, and is prevented from becoming "hide-bound," as the farmers call it; that is, the surface is kept loose and porous, so that the air, the great reservoir of fertility, may easily permeate the ground and dispense its varied and abundant fertilizing matters. The air also acts on the manure when placed near the surface much more readily than when buried deeply, and decomposes it, thus rendering it available as plant food. When manure is buried 6 or 8 inches deep, especially in compact clay lands, it is a pretty effectually canned, and at the second plowing is often turned up with little evidence of disintegration. Air is the great decomposer, as well as vitalizer. Its office seems to be to convert dead matter into life again, and accomplishes its mission most rapidly when in full contact with the defunct plant or animal.

If manure is buried at great depth, not only is the decomposition slow, but the saline matter descends with the percolating rains to a still greater depth, often beyond the reach of the roots of some of the grasses. While the organic part of manure tends to rise and be dissipated in the air, the inorganic or earthy part tends downward. Hence, while farmers have disputed whether it is better to plow in barnyard manure or to apply it near the surface, there is great unanimity in recommending the application of lime, ashes, plaster, etc., to the surface.

Much nonsense has been written about gravelly and sandy soils being leachy, and many seem to think that in such soils all the virtue of the manure goes down to Davy Jones's locker, or some other subterraneous place, where it is forever locked up. True it is that in warm, sandy soils the effect of manure does not seem to be lasting; but this is not because the ammonia and other rich gases escape quickly, but it is only the saline matter that descends; the organic elements rise just as surely, while the combustion—for decomposition is only a slow combustion—takes place slowly in the soil or mildly in the air. Moreover, there are few sandy soils that have not sufficient clay and vegetable matter in them "to absorb the fatness," as an old farmer expresses it, "and let the leanness slide away." We have a tile drain under our barnyard, and seldom does the water which issues from the tile show any discoloration from the manure, though in the center of the yard the tile are only a few inches below the surface.

Some object to top-dressing and surface-manuring, on the ground that the virtue of the manure is lost in the air. To this we reply that we do not top-dress except with well-composted manure, in which the putrefactive process has well advanced, and the gases have been absorbed by muck or loam. We have used much compost in which night-soil and dead horses have formed the essence of the manure, two very rank-smelling fertilizers; and seldom does any effluvium escape from the compost while being shoveled into the cart or spread on the land. In case green manure is put on plowed land we take care to harrow it in speedily, and it is surprising how little cover of earth will absorb the gases of any manure. Even when left entirely exposed to the sun a film is formed on the surface which retains the gases.

For top-dressing grass lands we much prefer the autumn; and, if possible, to cover the lots before the fall rains commence. The shells of the cart and the feet of the horse do not pack the meadows when dry. The dressing answers as a mulch to the soil, and when the rain comes is washed down among the roots of the grasses, giving them great power to nourish the herbage. Moreover, we must confess that we do not always find time to do this top-dressing in September, and our practice is not always up to our theory; but if the mowing lots are dressed at any time before the snow falls they will take an early start in the spring, and the grass will have that dark-green look which is so pleasing to the farmer's eye.

The comport for top-dressing need not be very rich. Even good loam spread over the surface of grass land has a most beneficial effect. This is the top-dressing which river meadows receive when the lands are overflowed, and there are no better grass lands in the world than such alluvial meadows, which are annually enriched by the deposit of soil from the overflowing water. A top-dressing of loam in the fall will absorb the gases from the air, rains, and snows, and become rich, if not previously rich. It will, at all events, contain more or less saline matter, and will benefit the land mechanically.

We now and then see little piles of manure left on the meadows over winter, to be spread in the spring. This is slipshod farming. The grass under these piles is smothered and much of the benefit of the manure lost.

FAIRYLAND.*

BY ANNA WARNER.

One of doors I may as well confess at once that I have too many favorites to mention them all. You would grow tired, if I did not. I must name a few, and then deal only in general remarks.

If you are short of room, just put your garden crocuses and snow-drops in the grass; choosing sunny spots near the house, and in full view, if possible. They will be up early, and thrive and bloom and disappear again before the grass is tall enough to cut. The little blue-bell, or grape hyacinth, is an exceedingly pretty grown in this way. To treat them company, plant a few Persian Iris roots in the border, close at the front, for they are low; and a little clump of *Bulbocodium vernum* will give another variety of color.

Then come the hyacinths, rising higher and higher as these light troops of blossoms clear away, and going steadily on to their perfect bloom, regardless of frost and wind or even snow. There is the white pyramid of *Snowrania*, and the lovely *Duchess of Bedford* and *Bille Eicher*, her white dress picked out with green. There is *Triumph Blandina*, the great waxy bells in a flush of beauty; and *Rodrigo*, suffused with a mere thought of pink.

There is the rosy *Princess Royal*, wearing her color in two shades; and *Eradragt*, with flowers like a star; and *Tubs Flora*, that one knows and names even at a distance, so large, so beautiful; *Norma*, too, and the *Duchess of Bedford*.

There is *Ottho*, as dark as he knows how, being only a hyacinth, shading off into *Monsus* and *Charles Dickens* and *Nimrod* and *Den Mooreast*, and thence into *Beckeberg*, *Richard Steele*, *Emoye*, and *Grand Veldete*. There is the yellow *Louis d'Or* and the darker *Pot Hin* among the doubles, with *Croesus* and *Jaune Supreme*, whose acquaintance I have yet to make; and the deep-hued beauty, *Rhinoceros*, and *Prine d'Or*, with its shower of pale gold. Neither must I forget my pet, *La Cherie*, the lilac-eyed white lady that comes almost last of all, shunning the crowd.

When these exquisite tufts of clear pink and white and yellow and purplish blue (true blue is the rarest thing among flowers) have graced your borders and gladdened your heart for a while; by and by, some morning, you will perceive a change. Off somewhere between or beyond blues and pinks appears a spot of brilliant red, a streak of flame color; and there is your tulip *Bratus* open to the sun, while *Claremont Gold Lae* and the *Grand Duke of Russia* are in full parenoit. Your garden has been full of love and beauty, but now come dash and enterprise and display—robes of purple, and great cups of gold, and banners of every shade of red. Even the *Marriage de ma fille* is a marriage in high life, and the *Bride of Harlem* is clearly "a lass wi' a tocher." How they "fall in!" as the soldiers say, donning their colors in best haste. The purple-striped *Cainar*, and *Yellow Prince*, and *Gaulaer Cardinal*, *Dorchea Blanch* holds her ground modestly, as some people will, with a white dress and pink cheeks; and *King Pepin* is royal in his variegations. How superb is the *Duchess of Parma*, in her court-dress; and *Rose Gris d. Lin* and *Proserpine* are like two roses, and *Lac van Eijn* quite lovely in its quiet lilac and white. In general, I think the single tulips are much the finest—much more like tulips, and one prefers to have a flower look like itself: yet there are great beauties among the doubles. Besides some that I have named, *Incarnat Gris de Lin* and *Conqueror* could hardly be improved.

Then there are the Parrot tulips—gay, rich, almost flaunting, but not quite, with blossoms too large to hold themselves up; and the Show tulips, at the florists call them—late, tall, of more regular beauty, to a florist's eye—deserve their distinction. No one who buys *Cicero* or the *Duchess of Brunswick*, for instance, will think his money ill spent.

Next in course come my favorite hardy gladiolases—by no means to be compared with the late-flowering French hybrids, and yet giving wonderfully pretty bloom and plenty of it long before their French cousins have made their toilet. They must be planted in the autumn, and are very cheap—not more than eight or ten cents apiece.

Then come the lilies, and they too should be planted in the autumn.

But here I bethink me of my promise not to mention everything; remembering, too, that there are still left things I ought not to pass by. Jonquils, pretty for in-doors or out; and Iris, with its rich peculiar blossoms; and Crown Imperial, gay but not sweet, nor sure to bloom the first year after planting. Then there is Cyclamen, beautiful and dear for a house pet; and the little Anomatheca and Ixias, and all the rest of your catalogue.

Get everything you can, and especially all the lilies, and make sure that you have at least one of the old *Lilium candidum*—so old that it is rare—sweet, elegant, worth dollars to you, though but fifteen cents to the florists.

*Reserved according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by R. G. HOWES, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

DAIRYING IN JAPAN.

A YANKEE dairy in Yokohama, Japan, is astonishing the natives with its operations. It is the property of an American firm, who supply most of the foreign residents with milk and occasionally make a few pounds of butter. The dairy occupies a space of about 75 by 175 feet, with a yard in the center, and tiled buildings on two sides, which contain some 35 cows. The entire front of the buildings consists of sliding panels, which are removed in the day time, and the stock let out in the yard to enjoy the sunshine. The stalls have passageways running in the front and the rear, thus admitting of the examination of the animals and feeding them without disturbance, and also keeping them clean. The feed consists of native wheat-grass (equal to middlings), boiled potatoes, and Japanese hay, the latter in summer being replaced by fresh grass cut on the adjoining hills and valleys by women. The cows are all American or English stock, the most having been imported from San Francisco.

The Japanese take great interest in the dairy, and often visit the premises, to examine and take notes, with view of imitating by the establishment of another in the interior, where they have quite a quantity of foreign cattle, to breed, in place of the native stock, which is quite inferior. The Japanese cattle are very diminutive, averaging from 400 to 500 lbs. live weight, and the bulls are used to a limited extend as pack animals.

FRUIT CULTURE.

The *Country Gentleman* sums up a few leading points in fruit culture in the following comprehensive remarks:

"1. Instead of 'trimming up' trees, according to the old fashion, to make them long-legged and long-rimed, trim them down, so as to make them even, snug, and symmetrical.

"2. Instead of manuring heavily in a small circle, at the foot of the tree, spread the manure, if needed at all, broadcast over the whole surface.

"3. Instead of spading a small circle about the stem, cultivate the whole surface broadcast.

"4. Prefer a well-pulverized clean surface in an orchard, with a moderately rich soil, to heavy manuring, and a surface covered with a hard crust and weeds or grass.

"5. Remember it is better to set out ten trees with all the necessary care to make them live and flourish than to set out a hundred trees and have them all die from carelessness.

"6. Remember that tobacco is a poison, and will kill insects rapidly if properly applied to them, and is one of the best drugs for freeing trees rapidly of small vermin; and is better used in this way than to make men repulsive and diseased."

VALUE OF CARBOLIC ACID IN THE HOUSE AND ON THE FARM.

The *Journal of Applied Chemistry* says:

"In pasting wall-papers, posters, etc., especially where successive layers are put on, there arises a most disagreeable effluvia, which is particularly noticeable in damp weather. The cause of this is the decomposition of the paste. In close rooms it is very unwholesome and often the cause of disease. In large manufactories, where large quantities of paste is used, it often becomes sour and offensive. Glue, also, has often a very disagreeable odor. If, when making paste or glue, a small quantity of carbolic acid is added, it will keep sweet and free from offensive smells. A few drops added to mucilage or ink prevents mold. In white-washing the cellar and dairy, if an ounce of carbolic acid is added to each gallon of wash, it will prevent mold and prevent the disagreeable taints often perceived in meats and milk from damp apartments.

"Another great advantage in the use of carbolic acid in paste for wall-paper and in whitewash is, it will drive away cockroaches and other insect pests. The cheapest and best form of carbolic acid is crystal, which dissolves in water or liquefies at an excess of temperature."

SOIL FOR GRAPES.

Mr. Asa Clement, of Massachusetts, in some sensible remarks on the culture of the grape, says:

"I am fully convinced that a warm soil, say a sandy loam, is the most suitable for grapes; and I need not affirm, at this late day, that a southern slope, considerably elevated above the frosty hollows, is the best location, for that is already understood. No matter how much heat is concentrated in the soil; and I was about to say that, rain or no rain, if the roots have been properly reared in the roots will penetrate to a depth of twelve inches, and cultivated properly, a crop may be remarked as a sure thing. No plant, to my knowledge, will stand a pinching drought better than a grape-vine. I believe, too, that the most approved method in planting vines is to have the rows run north and south, giving each vine about sixty feet of land—rows ten feet apart and plants six feet from each other in the row, varying a little as circumstances may require. That, in my judgement, is right for the strong-growing kinds, like the Concord, Hartford, and others."

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JNLY, 1871.
The Directors of this Company have declared a Semi-
annual Dividend of TEN per cent. upon the Capital,
payable on demand.
They have also declared that SIX per cent. Interest
be paid on outstanding Scrip of the years 1858, '67, '68,
'69 and '70 on the 20th of September next.

Insurance.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

THERE are few things better calculated to increase the self-respect of a young man commencing his career in life than the knowledge that one of the first fruits of his labor has been the early creation of some provision either for his own future or for others dear to him; and that by so doing he has also given an evidence, unusual in these days of unwonted extravagance, of a thrift that shall gain for him a credit with the community, which will never fail to stand by him in those days of adversity more or less inevitable to all whose lot is cast amongst the workers in this world.

There is no institution of modern times which offers a more desirable opportunity for thus investing a small annual saving than a life insurance company, and for the following reasons:

First. It affords practically the best chance of securing the results of that wonderful accumulator, compound interest, which, when allowed to have its full effect, adds so largely to the amount insured in a well-selected life company.

Second. A life policy is subject to no commercial risks, and is the most valuable species of property, as it is available at the time when all other resources may fail. Professor de Morgan says: "There is nothing in the commercial world which approaches, even remotely, to the security of a well-established and prudently-managed life assurance company."

Third. A life policy can be used for the special benefit of whomsoever it is designated, without the fear of a litigation, which has so often before taken the kernel from the nut. No law delays can arise, and the investment, when it has become a claim, is always at once available. Osborne says: "What you leave at your death, let it be without controversy, else the lawyers will be your heirs."

Fourth. By a life policy a certain fixed sum is at least and at once secured, under any contingency, and by a small comparative yearly outlay such an amount might take long years to accumulate, even if life is spared.

Fifth. It gives birth to a habit of economy, and oftentimes to a laudable self-denial, which has tended more to the erection of those colossal fortunes that distinguish the present era, but which the characteristic extravagance of the day renders unfortunately of rare occurrence.

These are only a few of the reasons that should urge the young men in our midst to insure their lives. The teachings of the most eminent men in the old country and in the new teem with this one theme, not only for its wisdom, but as affording a lesson fraught with so much importance.

Whilst we are on the subject, we will speak of a method of insurance which is daily becoming more and more popular in this country, as offering peculiar advantages to those whose vital energies and natural vigor entitle them to expect long life. We allude to the Tontine Dividend Policy, as issued by the Equitable Life Assurance Society of this city, by which a limit is placed upon the number of yearly premiums, and by which, although such premiums are no larger than on an ordinary life policy, much larger returns are secured; indeed, should a young man live to his alloted term of years, his policy of insurance will be found to have cost him but an inconsiderable sum, having at the same time increased in its amount, by the accumulated dividends of the company.

The Equitable have published a pamphlet, which contains the details of this form of assurance and will well repay a perusal.

Financial & Commercial.

SELL THE GOLD.

MR. BOUTWELL, according to his September statement, held in the Treasury on the 1st of the month $90,813,691 in coin. Deduct from this amount $34,106,488 for accrued coin interest, and $16,738,000 for coin certificates, and we have a coin balance of $39,969,203 over and above all then existing coin liabilities. Last week Mr. Boutwell sold only two millions of gold on a bid for about eleven millions. He is receiving every week into the Treasury for customs duties gold at the rate of some ten millions per month in excess of his sales. The effect is to take just so much gold out of the market, and lock it up in the Treasury in the idle state. The gold gamblers seize upon this scarcity as their opportunity for raising the premium on gold, and making a larger profit out of the merchants, who must buy gold to pay their customs duties. The premium has already risen nearly two per cent., simply as the result of a clique combination to put up the price. . .

It seems to us, in view of these circumstances, that Mr. Boutwell would have done a financially wise thing if last week he had sold a much larger amount of gold, and thus relieved the scarcity in the market. His management of the Treasury has been so excellent in so many respects that we have anything but a disposition to criticise him; yet we have frequently alluded to what we deem his chief mistake—namely, keeping on hand in the Treasury a much greater quantity of gold than he needed for any practical purpose. Such, as it seems to us, is the fact at the present time; and, hence, we advise him, as we have done on previous occasions, to reduce his gold surplus by freer sales. He should, at least, return to the market by sales as much as he withdraws from it by customs duties; and this he should do at the time of the withdrawal, thus making the supply more abundant, and thereby increasing the difficulties of bulling its price. Not to do so is virtually to aid the gold "bulls" in their speculative movements; and this we are quite sure is no part of Mr. Boutwell's purpose. The interests of the Government and those of the mercantile community are best served by keeping down the gold premium, and advancing toward specie payment as rapidly as possibly.

It is quite true that Mr. Boutwell has given notice that he will pay $100,000,000 of the five-twenties on the first of next December. He does not, however, expect to pay this amount in coin. Nearly the whole of it will be paid by simply exchanging five per cent. bonds for five-twenties. We do not understand that the arrangement is likely to impose any severe strain upon the Treasury, or create the necessity for an unusually large gold surplus. The surplus with which he began the month of September might be considerably reduced, and yet leave an ample margin for all the contingencies of the future. Of one thing Mr. Boutwell may be very sure, and that is this: if he adopts the *hoarding* policy at a time when the merchants need gold the gamblers will adopt the *speculating* policy, and put up the price, to their own advantage. This is a point which he ought very carefully to consider in his administration of the Treasury. Our monetary system is now so constructed that the state of the money market is very intimately connected with the policy pursued by the Treasury.

THE expenses incurred by the two French governments during 1870 amounted to $660,000,000, against receipts of $531,200,000 from taxation and loans, leaving a deficit of $128,000,000. Thus far this year the excess of expenditures over receipts amounts to about $197,200,000, making with the deficit of last year a balance against the treasury of $316,000,000, which is mostly borrowed from the Bank of France.

THE WILD-CAT CURRENCY.

THE Democratic State Convention of Ohio, that met at Columbus on the 1st of last June, resolved that "greenbacks should be made convertible into three per cent. bonds, at the option of the holders, said bonds to be redeemed in greenbacks on demand." General Ewing, taking a hint from the convention, and speaking for the Democracy of Ohio, says: "They propose that the General Government shall furnish all the money of the people, in an issue which shall be a legal-tender equally with coin for all public and private debts whatsoever, except where the contract expressly calls for specie; and with it redeem the Five-twenty bonds; and, to prevent an undue expansion of the currency, issue a three per cent. bond, which shall be exchangeable at par for legal-tenders at any time, and into which legal-tenders may, at the option of the holders, at any time, be converted." Such is the financial "New Departure" proposed by General Ewing, and more than hinted at by the Democratic Convention of Ohio.

Politicians in Ohio are now discussing this scheme before the people. There ought to be but one opinion in regard to it. So far as it refers to the method of paying the Five-twenty bonds, it bears upon its face the broad stamp of virtual repudiation. These bonds were issued with the well-known understanding on the part of the Government and the people, confirmed by express statements from two successive Secretaries of the Treasury, that they were to be paid, principal and interest, in coin. The customs duties, made payable only in coin, were set apart for the payment of the interest and one per cent. per annum of the national debt. No contract was ever better understood or more sacredly binding as between the parties. General Ewing's scheme, carrying out the theory of Ohio Democracy, is, then, simply a proposition of governmental rascality. It deserves no better name.

Considered as a currency scheme, to be permanently adopted, General Ewing's plan is hardly entitled to a "respectful hearing." Greenbacks, according to his theory, are never to be paid in coin; but are simply fundable in three per cent. bonds, and these bonds are to be paid in greenbacks. Each is payable by the other on demand. The value of the one is measured by that of the other; and neither has any value, as tested by the gold standard. Both are promises to pay, issued by the same promiser, with the condition that each shall be payable by the other. The one is an interest-bearing note, and the other is a non-interest-bearing note; and neither is payable in anything which has any substantial value beyond that of the paper. There is nothing to limit the amount of the issue, whether of bonds or greenbacks; and, hence, the currency, really consisting in these two forms, and irredeemable except by each other, may be indefinitely inflated, at the pleasure of whatever party happens to hold the control of the Government. All that is necessary to make money plenty is simply to run a printing-press. This proposed divorce between currency and coin is the end of all restraint upon the Government, and of all financial limitation upon paper issues.

The effect of such a scheme, if put into practice, would be expansion of the currency, followed by a proportionate decrease in its purchasing power and a rise in the prices of commodities. We might have a plenty of paper dollars; yet they would be what a sagacious financier calls "cheap dollars." They would be "wild-cat" dollars, without any stability in their exchangeable value. Speculation would run rampant. Gold would retire from public use as money, and be dealt in simply as a commodity. Prices, as expressed in these "cheap dollars," would be constantly fluctuating, and all the operations of regular business be thrown into inextricable confusion. Exorbitant rates of interest would be charged by lenders for the use of money. The experience of the world shows that a monetary system based on an irredeemable paper currency uniformly leads to these results. Such a system violates the fundamental principle of finance, that whatever is used to represent value must either have value in itself or be readily convertible into that which has this property. Gold and silver supply the former condition; and a paper currency redeemable in gold and silver supplies the latter.

If the people of Ohio shall endorse this repudiating financial "New Departure," as proposed by the Democracy of that State, and formulated by Gen. Ewing, then they will prove two things: first, that they are not *honest* as a people; secondly, that they can be easily humbugged by mere sciolists in political economy. We shall believe neither until their actions prove it. The better way for them is to save their credit by voting down all such Democracy.

THE BANK SUPERINTENDENT'S ARITHMETIC.

IN our issue of August 10th, 1871, we cited the "East River Savings Institution" of New York City as an example of a savings bank professing to have a larger surplus than the facts warrant. Our attention having since been called to the figures of this institution, we have carefully re-examined them as they appear in the last report of the Bank Superintendent. As the result, we find that on page 133 of the report the Superintendent has made quite a mistake in adding up the figures which represent the assets of the bank. He puts down the aggregate on that page at $4,654,942.49; whereas the real aggregate, upon a correct addition, was $4,861,954.21. Here is a difference of $207,011.72 in the amount of assets, as set forth on this page.

On the next page the account is carried forward, and here we find that $207,010.72—consisting in 77,920.72 of accrued interest on bonds and mortgages, stocks, and loans on stocks, to January 1st, 1871, in $89,090 of estimated value of stocks over par, and in $40,000 of estimated value of real estate over amount on books—are placed under the head of assets, making an aggregate of $4,861,954.21. If the arithmetic of the Superintendent on the previous page had been correct, this addition would have swelled the aggregate to $5,068,964.93. What he loses by a blunder of figures on one page he supplies by another blunder on the next page, and thus makes the two together tell the same story which upon a correct addition was told upon page 133

When commenting on the "East River Savings Institution," in our former article, we assumed the perfect accuracy of the Superintendent's arithmetical calculation without testing it. We hence came to the conclusion that the surplus of $367,926.26 which the bank professed to have on the 1st of last January was really far less than this statement. Deducting $129,090 of mere assets on paper, consisting in estimated value of stocks over par and of real estate over the amount on the books of the bank, and also deducting $141,014.18 of interest credited to depositors on the 1st of January, 1871, we made the real surplus $97,522.08. Our conclusion was right in view of the figures as given in the Superintendent's report. Revising these figures by correctly adding them up; by adding to the assets of the bank $77,920.72 of accrued interest on the 1st of January, 1871; by further adding $141,014.18 of credited interest to the liabilities of the bank on the same date; and also making no account of nominal assets on paper, we reach the following result:

RESOURCES.	
1. Investments	$4,861,951 21
2. Accrued Interest	77,920 72
	$4,939,874 99
LIABILITIES.	
1. Due to Depositors	$4,494,377 95
2. Interest Credited	141,014 18
	$4,635,343 13

Deduct the latter aggregate from the former, and we have a surplus of $304,532.80, instead of $367,926.26, as reported by the Bank Superintendent. We have two suggestions upon the accounts as thus made up: the first referring to the fact that the bank was entitled to credit itself with accrued interest up to January 1st, 1871; the second referring to the fact that it ought to have charged itself with the interest credited to its depositors on the same date. The solvency of the bank is entirely apparent; yet its report, as appearing in that of the Superintendent, obviously wants correction.

We do not know precisely how the the Superintendent deals with thereports of savings banks, and hence cannot tell whether he simply transfers them to his own report as a mere publisher, or has them carefully and critically examined; yet the latter is manifestly his duty. An actual supervision, and not mere compilation, is the cardinal function of his office. His report ought to contain no blunders of arithmetic, and no bank should be permitted to pass muster whose available assets are not abundantly equal to its liabilities. All tricks and arts for the purpose of swelling assets, and thus giving an apparent surplus beyond the reality, should be detected and promptly rebuked.

Having given some attention to the subject, we have become entirely satisfied that the $14,253,399 of surplus for the savings banks of this state, as appearing in the last report of the Bank Superintendent, is far too large a sum for the reality. The truth is, these banks did not hold any such surplus on the 1st of last January, and this the Superintendent can easily see by carefully studying his own report. Many of them claim a surplus far above the facts; others claim it where they really have none; and still others claim it when their liabilities are greater than their assets. All of them should be subjected once a year to a rigid examination of their financial condition. This is the very purpose of having their accounts pass under the eye of the Bank Superintendent, and unless the duty be faithfully and fearlessly performed the whole system will run too loosely for the public safety. The Superintendent's report shows 712,109 depositors in the State of New York on the 1st of last January, having claims amounting to $230,749,408. Here is a vast trust, that ought to be watched with the most sedulous care by official authority.

MONEY MARKET.

WALL STREET has undergone a revulsion this week; not altogether disastrous in its consequences, but creating very lively times down there among the banks, the "bulls," the "bears," and the brokers.

Secretary Boutwell's course in accumulating gold in the Sub-Treasury has had a disturbing influence in all departments of business, and causes derangements which can neither be foreseen nor guarded against; and, as the terrible disasters of the historical "Black Friday" in the Gold Room are still vividly remembered, there are fears that a similar effect will now be produced whenever the gold "bulls" attempt to bring their "cornering" operations to a climax. But there are still confident expectations that Mr. Boutwell will come forward to the relief of the Gold Room in time to avert a crisis; but he will have to come forward very suddenly, or the mischief will be done.

On Saturday the loss of reserve by our Associated Banks, as exhibited in the weekly Bank Statement, produced a very marked feeling of distrust, the effect of which was shown in an immediate decline of nearly one per cent. in the prices of the leading speculative stocks. And the scare was continued on Monday, until it was found that, notwithstanding the character of the Bank Statement, money was still abundant on call loans, and that the lenders were quite willing to accommodate the borrowers at 3 to 4 per cent., while in some cases loans were made on Government securities as low as 2 per cent. The figures of the Bank Statement showed that the total reserve of the banks has been reduced $2,974,550, against a reduction in the total liabilities of $710,087. The banks now hold in lawful money $7,992,800 above the legal requirement, against $10,699,829 last week. The average bank loans of the past week have now run up to the large amount of $311,206,300.

But, as the business of the season is largely in excess of last year, and the West is sending an unusually heavy quantity of grain to market, there is nothing that need cause alarm in the movements of currency at this time. It would be much more alarming if this movement did not take place. It is only one of the evidences of the activity of general trade

The terror of the City Hall Ring, and their anxiety to put the funds in their possession out of the reach of the law, has caused some of them who were deep in stock speculations to sell out suddenly; and that has had a bad effect upon the market. This was notably shown in Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, common, which had a rapid tumble of 9 per cent., occasioned by one of the Ring speculators realizing upon the stock, which he had been "bulling."

The movements by the powerful Vanderbilt cliques have kept the market from a sudden fall to an extent that would bring on a panic, and the purchases made by them on Monday, as well as the operations of Daniel Drew, who, while the Street imagined he was a "bear," has been co-operating with the "bulls," have kept the market tolerably steady, and caused a reaction on Monday to the extent of one per cent.

The speculations in Toledo and Wabash, which have been very active, have been based upon the supposition that the Vanderbilt cliques were operating to get control of the road, and put Horace F. Clark in the presidency; and prices have gone up and down as the Vanderbilt or the Brody cliques were supposed to have the advantage. The decisive election will not take place until the 5th of October.

Lake Shore is maintained by the same clique, who keep it up to 114, and will keep it there until the question of the distribution of the new stock shall be disposed of.

Western Union Telegraph has been run up, as we have been giving information to our readers that it would be, until it nearly touched 70, on the strength of its own intrinsic value, and without any assistance from the clique who hold control of it.

Pacific Mail is very firmly maintained at its late rise—57 to 58—by virtue of the agreement entered into between the company and the president of the Union Pacific Road, for the equalization of freights, whereby the P. M. gains some very important advantages, not the least of which is the guaranty of a certain monthly payment, the effect of which is to break up a project which had been formed for the establishment of a new line of boats between New York and Aspinwall.

These have been and continue to be the active cliqued stocks, which are moved by causes wholly independent of the financial influences which affect the rest of the market.

The rest of the stock market goes with the current; and it would be rather hazardous to predict just now how the current will run, though of its course in the long run there can be no question. The trade of the whole is now on the flood tide, and all well-conducted railroad undertakings must prove lucrative, while exceptional ones, like Chicago and Rock Island, for example, will be highly so; and, consequently, current values must increase.

Millions of 5-20 bonds have been exchanged for those of apparent equal soundness, but which bear a more tempting rate of of interest. Included in these bonds are those of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, offered by Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co. (in another column) at par, in currency, and which carry a gold interest of seven and three-tenths per cent per annum. They are a first and only mortgage upon one of the greatest, if not the greatest, railway enterprises the world has ever seen.

DRY GOODS.

THE dry goods market has been characterized by increased activity in all its departments for the past week; and this activity will continue for the coming week, and be prolonged until the great crowd of purchasers from the West, now in New York shall have completed their selections. Domestic cotton goods of every description are in active demand and prices are well sustained, though in some of the lower classes of unbleached shirtings a shade lower rate has been established. The jobbers are actively employed, the auction-rooms are well attended, and the importers, though never more busily engaged in receiving goods at this season of the year, are still able to give attention to their jobbing customers. Woolens of all grades are in better demand, and the general prosperity of the country makes a lively market for all descriptions of small wares and fancy goods.

Unbleached sheetings and shirtings are in more active demand than they were last week, and Western buyers are now completing their fall selections. Both standard sheetings and light weights are firmly held, but in some of the lower grades there has been a slight reduction of rates. The current prices are strongly maintained. Indian Head standards are held at 13¼ cts., Appleton A do. 13, Massachusetts do. 13; St. Lawrence O 12½; Boott FF 13½; Laurel D 13, do. H 11½; Wachusetts and Adriatic each 13; Amoskeag A 13, do. B 12½; Stark standards 13; Stark B 12½; 4-4 G. B. Langdon 18; Medford 13; Everitt Mills A A 12½; Mystic River 12½; 32-inch Nashua O 12½, 36-inch do. R 14, 40-inch do. E 15, 5-4 do. 20; 4-4 Gilbon 10½; 4-4 Kennebec 9; 4-4 Baltic 11; 48-inch Indian Head 19½; 4-4 Harrisburg A 11½, do. ⅞ B 10½; 4-4 Augusta 12½, ⅞ do. 10½; 4-4 Warren A 11½; 4-4 Jewell's Mills 11½, ⅞ do. 10. Shirtings: 30-inch Indian Head 11½; 30-inch Wachusetts 11; 30-inch Appleton N 11, do. do. X 11½; 30-inch Adriatic N 11; Bedford R 9; ⅞ Massachusetts 11 for Standard N, 10 for J, 9 for C, and 9 for fine P do.

In bleached sheetings and shirtings there is more animation, and prices are firmly maintained; but the more favorite makes of the lower grades are mostly sought for, and the stock in first hands is getting pretty well cleared out.

Printing cloths maintain their prices firmly and the demand continues steady. Sales for immediate demand of 64 standards in the gray are made at 7⅞ to 7¾ cts.

The demand for standard prints is more active. The so-called "New Departure" styles of chocolate colors, introduced by the Sprargues, have become very popular. Sprague's Fancies are held by the agents at 11½ cts., less 5 per cent., 30 days. Pacific dark fancy 11½; Hamilton 11½ for II fancy, do. robe patterns 12, 11½ for purple, 11½ for pink checks, do. hair cords and checks each 11½, and 11 for shirting; Hartel Manufacturing Company's dark fancy 11½, green, Swiss, and plain ruby each 12; Merrimac C cambric chintz 11½, 11½ for new autumn styles of D fancy, 12½ for W pink and purple frocks, 12 for checks and stripes, and 11 for S shirtings; Dunnells 11½ for dark fancy and 12½ for frocks; American Print Works 11½ regular for new dark styles, 11½ for robe styles, do. green and orange 11½, 4-4 do. on extra fine cloths 18.

Ginghams are in good demand and the popular makes are firm in price, with a short supply in the hands of agents.

Cotton flannels are not yet in very active demand, but the sales are moderately active for the better makes. Prices are steady.

Corset jeans are in better supply, and purchasers experience no difficulty in making their selection. Prices are without essential change.

Cambrics are firmly held, and sales are readily effected at current rates.

Rolled jaconets are in more limited supply in the hands of agents, but the demand continues active and prices are firmly maintained.

Silesias are in lively demand, and prices remain unchanged.

Stripes and ticks are not in very active demand, but the sales are about equal to the ordinary business of the season.

Denims and cottonades are unchanged in price, and the business in these goods does not differ materially from the usual demands of the trade at this season.

Linseys are hardly in so active demand; but the rates are firmly maintained and the sales are fully up to the ordinary business of the season.

Muslin de laines are coming into more active demand and the sales are to a liberal extent; but prices continue steady and without indication of a change.

Woolens are gradually becoming more active as the season advances. In woolen shawls the business is not large, and sales are made chiefly to jobbers, to complete assortments. Prices are steady.

Cloths and overcoatings are in moderate demand. The clothiers are making very few purchases and the jobbers buy but sparingly, to fill up an occasional deficiency in their stock. Prices remain unchanged.

Doeskins are inactive. The sales are limited to the small lots required by the jobbing trade.

Cassimeres, except for a few desirable styles of fancies, are inactive. A large sale of different makes, at prices below the current rates, by a leading firm, has had a depressing influence on the market and has occasioned an unsettled feeling. Otherwise prices are steady.

Satinets are not lively, by any means; and, though prices are unchanged, they cannot be said to be firm.

Kentucky jeans are in very little demand, but prices are steady.

The market for carpets is without any special movement; but prices are firm, and the ordinary amount of business is going on.

The best makes of blankets are in steady demand, and prices are firmly maintained.

Flannels are more active, and the demand increases as the season advances. Prices are unchanged.

Foreign dry goods are now at their best season. The supply is large and the trade active. The imports for the past week were $3,156,000, while those of the corresponding week in 1870 were $2,202. In 1869 the imports for the same period were $2,305,000.

The active demand for imported goods is in the direction of dress goods, millinery articles, silk and cotton velvets, the finer qualities of woolens, the better qualities of silks and shawls. The auction-rooms are well supplied, the sales large, and prices the highest of the season.

☞FUNDING UNITED STATES FIVE-TWENTY BONDS.

OFFICE OF FISK & HATCH,
No. 5 NASSAU STREET,
NEW YORK, September 5th, 1871.

THE Government have notified the holders of ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS OF FIVE-TWENTY BONDS of 1862 that they will be paid in gold, and that after December 1st next the interest will cease. All holders of the issues of 1862, '64, '65, and new 6's should at once decide whether they will hold their bonds, and take the gold when called on, or convert into new Government 5s, 4½s, and 4s, or *exchange for other securities.* As it is possible the premium on gold may be much less when these heavy payments commence, it clearly becomes the duty of all holders of Five-twenties to take the matter into serious consideration.

We are strongly recommending in exchange the six per cent. bonds of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company, now selling at 93 and accrued interest, of which we have only some $5,000,000 still unsold. The total amount of this loan is $15,000,000. They are issued in denominations of $1,000, $500, and $100, coupon and registered, interest six per cent., May and November; principal and interest payable in New York City, in United States gold coin.

We also recommend the bonds of the Western Pacific Railroad Company, now consolidated with the Central Pacific. These are all Coupon Bonds of $1,000 each, interest six per cent., January and July; principal and interest payable in New York City, in U. S. gold coin. The total amount of the loan is $2,735,000; all sold by the Company. Market price now about 95. The payment of these bonds, by the terms of the consolidation, has been assumed, principal and interest, by the Central Pacific Railroad Company.

Also the Central Pacific Sixes. The Central Pacific Bonds are all Coupon Bonds of $1,000 each, interest six per cent., January and July; principal and interest payable in New York City, in U. S. gold coin. The Central Pacifics, limited by act of Congress to $25,885,000—all sold by the Company—are in sharp demand for this and the German markets, and any amount can be sold as readily as so many Five-twenty Bonds; they are freely dealt in at all the prominent Stock Exchanges in the world, and should advance to the price of Government Bonds. Market price now about 103. That the same result will follow with the Chesapeake and Ohio Bonds, on the completion of the road, we have no doubt

By conversion into Central Pacifics holders of 5-20s retain the same rate of interest, and increase their capital about 12 per cent. By converting into the Western Pacifics, or Chesapeake and Ohios, the increase will be about 19 per cent. Holders of Central Pacifics can exchange for Westerns or Chesapeake and Ohios, and increase their capital about 8 per cent.; and in either case have a bond just as sure to be paid, principal and interest, as a Five-twenty bond.

As the amount of Chesapeake and Ohio bonds remaining unsold is so small, and the demand very great, they will soon be absorbed. There are very few Centrals and Westerns on the market, and, the present demand continuing, they will soon largely advance in price.

We may add that the earnings of the Central Pacific Railroad will, without doubt, reach this year nearly, if not quite, the enormous sum of $10,000,000.

THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO ROAD is to the Atlantic coast what the CENTRAL ROAD is to the Pacific coast. It is on the CENTRAL TRADE LINE ACROSS THE CONTINENT, and tributary railroads are now being built and projected from all parts of the Southwest, West, and Northwest to connect with it, and run over its direct course and easy grades to tide-water.

As Financial Agents for these great roads we are ready and glad at all times to answer inquiries from bondholders concerning the securities and business of these companies; and shall from time to time issue full reports of the earnings, etc., for their use, and in other respects keep watch over their interests.

FISK & HATCH,
Financial Agents for the Central Pacific Railroad Company and its branches, and also for the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company.

P. S.—Accounts of banks, bankers, and others received, on which we allow four per cent. interest.

Certificates of Deposit issued and Collections made in all parts of the Union.

HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH.

AN increasing investment demand for safe and remunerative railway securities is the natural result of the successful negotiation of the new five per cent. loan.

Now that Government does not *longer* propose to be a borrower at *six per cent.*, there are certain Railroad Bonds into which Five-twenties can be converted, the holder thereby securing the *same gold rate of interest* for a *long* term of years, and at the same time increasing his *capital* about 25 per cent.

To *all* seeking some such profitable conversion of their Governments we invite the most careful examination of the TWENTY-YEAR SINKING-FUND GOLD BONDS issued by the VERMONT DIVISION OF THE PORTLAND AND OGDENSBURGH TRUNK RAILROAD LINE.

We *firmly believe* that these bonds are not surpassed in safety by any securities in the market.

We believe that such an exchange can be effected with the most perfect assurance of the prompt payment of the interest and the absolute safety of the principal.

We believe that soon after this small loan is placed the bonds will advance to par, as the securities of a New England Trunk Railroad Line, with a *local business* sufficient to more than pay interest on its small bonded debt and all running expenses, and situated so that it cannot *fail* to secure an enormous *through* and *pleasure* traffic, MUST *command* the confidence of all, and be in *demand* as one of the most popular and desirable investments.

Our present rate for these bonds is 90, and accrued interest in currency.

For full information, Pamphlets, Maps, etc., apply to

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FAIRBANKS & Co., 252 Broadway, N. Y.;
FAIRBANKS, BROWN & Co., 118 Milk st., Boston;
FAIRBANKS & EWING, 715 Chestnut st., Philadelphia,

Financial Agents

FIRST MORTGAGE SINKING FUND LAND-GRANT BONDS OF THE ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD COMPANY,

IN DENOMINATIONS OF $1,000, $500, AND $100, can now be had from the undersigned or through the principal banks and bankers of the United States. The attention of investors is invited to the merits of these bonds, secured by a first and only mortgage on the road, equipments, franchises, and property of a trunk line of railroad which will shorten the distance between New York and San Francisco some 230 miles, and in addition the mortgage to secure the bonds covers a land grant of 1,500,000 acres of the most fertile land in the West, which is prohibited from being sold at less than four ($4) dollars per acre by the terms of the mortgage deed, and according to the present market price of the Illinois Central Company's lands is worth $18,750,000. This loan was originally for $5,500,000, but has been largely reduced by subscriptions of actual investors. The remaining balance of the loan is offered at 97½ and accrued interest; but the right is reserved to advance the price at any time, without notice.

The bonds have thirty years to run; bear 8 per cent. interest, payable in New York, London, or Frankfort-on-the Main, at the option of the holder, without notice, free of taxes. BOTH PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST ARE PAYABLE IN GOLD. They are Coupon Bonds, but can be registered with the coupons on, or can be registered with the coupons off, and interest paid to registered owner. Interest payable August 15th and February 15th. A liberal sinking fund, formed from the entire land sales, in payment for which the bonds will be received at par and accrued interest, provides for the early extinguishment of this loan.

Trustees: Farmers' Loan and Trust Company.

These bonds offer favorable inducements to parties desiring to fund their Five-twenties or other high-priced securities.

In converting Five-twenties the investors realize 17 per cent. profit on the principal, 2 per cent. per annum excess of interest, and at the same time get a perfect security.

Maps, circulars, documents, and full information furnished on application.

Though acting as agents for the sale of this loan, our firm buy and sell in their regular business the bonds of the St. Joseph and Denver City Railroad Company, those of the Eastern Division being now quoted at 102 and accrued interest. These were originally priced by us at 97½.

TANNER & CO.,
Bankers, No. 11 Wall Street.

JACKSON CO. MISSOURI EIGHT PER CENT. BONDS for sale by W. P. CONVERSE & CO., 54 Pine street.

MONTCLAIR RAILWAY.

THE Montclair Railroad Company of New Jersey, whose bonds are advertised under the energetic management of its officers, backed-up by the rapid sale of its bonds through Messrs. Leonard, Sheldon & Foster, Bankers, 10 Wall Street, is fast approaching completion, and the company expect soon to have its cars running over the entire line to Greenwood Lake. The road for forty-five miles traverses one of the finest sections of New Jersey, rich in agricultural and mineral wealth, and its local traffic must be large. The Montclair Bonds are a *double* security, being endorsed by the New York and Oswego Midland Railroad, who have sold their bonds in Europe, thus securing the early completion of that road. We understand that a limited amount of the bonds only will be sold at the present price, 95 and accrued interest in currency, as the company expect to realize as much for their bonds as any other New Jersey road, finished, which are generally selling at par and over.

The bonds have 30 years to run, principal and interest payable in gold.

We would recommend investors who want a *first-class security* to look to this.

The bonds can be had at the office of LEONARD, SHELDON & FOSTER, 10 Wall Street.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.]

BREADSTUFFS.—The features of our Wheat market during the past week have presented a decided change, as contrasted with the previous one. The large orders from the Continent, as well as from Great Britain, have given a decided impulse to the market. The great deficiency in the area under Wheat on the Continent shows a large falling off in the crop, as compared with 1869; and, hence, instead of finding liberal exports of Grain, as formerly, they will require to import freely during the year. The export demand for White Wheat has improved, and on this the advance has been rapid. The stock here is 420,020 bushels and the exports 498,850 bushels for the week. At the close the market is irregular, Spring firm and Winter heavy, with very little doing, owing to an advance in freights. The sales were 1,329,250 bushels. The market is 2@3c. dearer than the week has shown a much better tone. Shipping Extras have been in light supply, and, in sympathy with Wheat, have advanced quite rapidly, with a good demand from the coastwise trade. Choice Family Extras have sold slowly; but under a material advance in choice White Wheat they cannot be duplicated, and have been offered sparingly. There has been more inquiry for Sour, but the supply is moderate and prices nominal. Superfine has been in good request and closes firm. The absence of a good assortment of shipping brands, together with an advance in freights, greatly restricts the export trade. The sales of the week were 84,470 bbls., and the exports 40,359 do. Oats have been in good demand and have improved, with slight variableness. The inquiry has been mainly for the trade, and we have added materially to the stock, which is about 950,000 bushels. At the close the market is fairly active and firmer. Corn has been in active request both for the home trade and for export. The arrivals have been quite liberal; and, although the market has advanced since the meeting, the close is heavy and part of advance lost. The exports were 281,156 bushels. Rye has been in limited demand, owing to the rapid advance in freights. Since Tuesday we have had a better domestic inquiry and more steadiness has prevailed. State is scarce, and is taken by our local millers and for seed at 95@98 cts. Barley is in limited supply and fair demand. That offered thus far is from the West, and is not in very good order. Later shipments, it is said, will be better order; and a large business is anticipated this season in this, as well as in State and Canadian.

COFFEE.—We have no really new features to advise, the market still showing an extremely firm tone, with the tendency of prices to a greater or less extent upward, even at the figures already reached. In fact, holders have very complete control of the position, as the stocks are reduced, thoroughly concentrated, and not likely to receive any important additions for some time to come. Brazils of all grades are wanted, and command extreme rates whenever holders will offer any stock. Java is moving quickly; but West India descriptions are dull, owing to the poor assortment.

COTTON.—The tone of the market has again been quite feverish and uncertain, owing to the speculative character of a large portion of the operations. Holders, however, had most of the advantage, in view of the easily controlled stocks and comparatively light arrivals, and the prospect of a "corner" for the end of this month. There has also been a goodly amount of Cotton taken for consumption since the 1st inst., and neither domestic nor foreign spinners seem exactly satisfied; yet the general market closes quietly, but sparsely supplied, and firm, at 20½ for Middling Uplands and 19¾ for Low Middling dio.

MOLASSES.—Foreign still in a dull condition, the low grades having no outlet. Grocery stock meeting with few friends and only Boiling cargoes attracting any positive attention. For these refiners will pay fair prices, but rates in advance, and do not buy beyond known wants. For Domestic the call has been moderate, the offerings free, and prices still in buyers' favor.

PROVISIONS.—Sellers have managed to retain a fair share of the advantage on the market for the hog product, and in many cases the sales have been at a higher range of values. Still there was an absence of general confidence among buyers; and, though a little Lard was again taken for export, and a few fair sized parcels of Pork sold to go South, the purchases were conducted in such a manner as to indicate more of a necessity than any desire to invest with an intention of holding for a profit. A great many of the present manipulations are undoubtedly intended to have their influence upon the new crop; but, taken altogether, the policy of packers appears to be to open the season low and work up, and generally adopt a more prudent course than last year. Beef has sold with greater freedom, including both the old and the new packing, and very fair prices obtained for choice lots; but holders, as a rule, were willing operators, and met the outlet without much hesitation.

SUGARS.—The general demand for RAWS has been very good, and mainly from refiners, who became free buyers on an increased outlet for their production; though of late they appear to have about met current wants and move with greater caution. Holders have met the call fairly, but refrained from any pressure, and were generally very firm at full former figures. We quote Fair to Good Refining at 9⅝@9¾ cents. Refined sold quick and at higher rates, closing steady at 13¼@13⅝ cents for Hards and 13¼@13⅝ cents for Soft White.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET

FOR WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, SEPT. 12th, 1871.
[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

BEEVES.—The market was active and firm, and prices were actually a shade higher than at the close last week.

MILCH COWS.—The market is quiet and prices are unchanged.

VEAL CALVES.—The demand has been only moderate and prices are firm.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—The market for both Sheep and Lambs is fairly active and firm.

SWINE.—The market is quiet, but prices are unchanged.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	Last week.
Fancy	13¾@14	13¾@13¾
Extra	11¾@13	11¾@13
First quality	11¾@11¾	11¾@11¾
Second quality	10 @10¾	10 @10¾
Third quality	9¼@9¾	9¼@9¾
Inferior	7 @8	6¾@8
Average of all sales about	11¼@11¾	10¾@10¾

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.

COWS AND CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice	$70@80	$70@80
Good	60@70	60@70
Fair	45@55	45@55
Inferior and Common	30@40	30@40

VEAL CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra and Choice	10 @11	9 @10
Good	8¼@9¾	8 @8¾
Common	6 @8	6¾@7¾
Inferior	5¼@6¾	5 @6

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

	This Week.	Last Week.
Choice, per lb.	6¾@6¾	6 @6¾
Extra	6¼@6	5¾@6¼
Good	5¾@5¾	5½@5¾
Fair	5¼@5¾	5 @5¼
Common	4¾@5¼	4¾@5¼
Extra Lambs	7¾@8	7¾@8
Good	7¾@7¾	7¾@7¾
Common to Fair	5½@7	5½@7

SWINE.

	Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn-fed	4½@5¼	6 @7

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, Sept 12th, 1871.

THE following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to THE INDEPENDENT (and more perfect than to any other newspaper in the city) is worth, to every dry go